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MEMORIAL DAY.

BY REV. WALTER F. STODDARD.

Fall twelve months have drifted down the flood of speeding years. Since from every town and hamlet, at their country's call, appears Man on man of nerve and valor, ready all to fight and die. To redeem the nation's honor from the curse of slavery. From the North and South they gathered, in that fratricidal strife; Each with other fierce contending for their homes or nation's life; Met they oft in battle glorious, met they each with carnage dire, Piled they thick the broad plantations with the slain—both son and sire.

Some at Bull Run's fated onset fought heroically and well; Some in Shenandoah's valley, some at Pittsburg Landing, fell; Some with Grant at Chattanooga, some at Gettysburg, some at Lee; Some with gallant Sherman, marching "from Atlanta to the sea."

Call "to arms" and roar of cannon, shriek of wounded, battle's clash, Wild rout of dreadful skirmish, burning towns and musketry flash, Uter rout or splendid triumph, fearful loss or wondrous gain,— These we now full remember as we think those times again.

Thus while four long years dragged onward, raged the conflict wild and high, Filled they Southern graves unnumbered with true heroes born to die; Women wept in quiet homesteads, overwhelmed with grief, Robbed of husband, son or brother, finding naught to bring relief.

History's page now bears their record, while the intervening years Make the stricken hearts more mellow, bring warm love instead of tears; For the men we gave our country have her honor well redeemed, And to-day we love the Union with a love we had not dreamed.

Nor do we forget the heroes who so freely gave their lives To the noble cause of freedom—grandest in the vaulted skies. And while round our hearts sweet memory twines her softest, dearest wreath, Amarantine crowns were weaving for brave hearts the sad beneath.

Veterans in this once "grand army," as I hail you friends to-day, I, with you, would place my token, in this brightest month of May, On the grave of honored soldier, kindly friend, immortal man, One small gift of love's devotion, such an offering as I can.

Every year the ranks of "veterans"—those who felt the shock of strife—Are, by Time's relentless fingers, thinning with the lapse of life; And the army left from battle, walking since the wide, wide earth, Now recruits that larger army, growing grander still by death.

Let us, then, in fond remembrance, strew fresh flowers on every grave, Show we love them for the service they so gladly, nobly gave; Let us love each other, brothers—soldiers all in earthly strife, Live and listen for the roll-call to the next and higher life.

Hockanum, Conn., May, 1883.

MRS. CARLYLE.

BY REV. J. E. C. SAWYER.

The indignation created by Mr. Frode's publication of Thomas Carlyle's "Reminiscences," and which, to say the least, was not decreased by many unfortunate passages in his "History of the First Forty Years of Carlyle's Life," will, to some extent, be re-awakened by the manner in which he has edited the "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle." He makes it plain, in his preface, that Mr. Carlyle expected him to publish the letters with Carlyle's own annotations, and it is evident that in doing so he believes himself faithfully performing a part of the task assigned to him as Mr. Carlyle's literary executor. But it will be seriously questioned by many whether his duty required him to publish all of those letters, or even all of Carlyle's own confessions and self-accusations. In the letters themselves there are some things too private and too sacred to be laid bare to the world; and crabbled and harsh and

gloomy and forgetful as Carlyle was to the true and tender woman who endured so much for him, and so much from him, in the unhappy days when he was wrestling with darkness, and the earlier days when he had so fierce a fight with poverty, it may well be doubted whether his remorse after her death was not so exaggerated as to make him unjust to himself. Especially will Mr. Frode be blamed for introducing into the work certain passages from Mrs. Carlyle's diary for 1855 and 1856, which reveal an almost insane jealousy of Lady Ashburton that for years tormented her. This jealousy proved transient, though its term was protracted and its torture almost maddening. As it passed away, and the coldness and distrust came to an end, why should the world have been told of it? Mr. Frode admits that only a part of these extracts from Mrs. Carlyle's journal were made by Mr. Carlyle. He would better have canceled even those than to take, as he has, the responsibility of roughly exposing to the rude attention of the world all the secret anguish and lonely lamentations of a highly nervous and terribly overwrought woman, who herself, although she had suffered so sorely, acquitted her husband of any real wrong. Crabbled as he was, Thomas Carlyle loved his wife with the loyalty of an intense and honest nature; and greatly as she had suffered from his lack of tenderness, and discontented as she had been on account of his friendship with the brilliant Lady Ashburton, she thoroughly trusted him after all; and after this episode, as before it, her letters to him were fervent in their expressions of love.

Her letters are not those of any ordinary woman. They show that the woman who recognized the great genius of Carlyle when he was altogether obscure, was herself possessed of extraordinary talent. After the hardships and manifold discomforts of Craigenputtock, she seems to have been comparatively happy in the new home at Chelsea, to which they came June 10, 1834. She was then thirty-three, and they had been married six years. The first of the letters published in these volumes was written on the first day of the following autumn, and was addressed to her husband's mother. She said:—

"All things, since we came here, have gone more smoothly with us than I at all anticipated. Our little household has been set up again at quite a moderate expense of money and trouble; wherein I cannot help thinking, with a chastened vanity, that the superior shiftness and thriftiness of the Scotch character has strikingly manifested itself. The English women turn up the whites of their eyes and call on the 'good heavens' at the bare idea of enterprises which seem to me in the most ordinary course of human affairs. I told Mrs. Hunt one day I had been very busy painting. 'What?' she asked, 'is it a portrait?' 'Oh, no,' I told her, 'something of more importance—a large wardrobe.' She could not imagine, she said, 'how I could have patience for such things.' And so, having no patience for them herself, what is the result? She is every other day reduced to borrow my tumblers, my teacups; even a cupful of porridge, a few spoonfuls of tea, are begged of me, because 'Missus has got company, and happens to be out of the article;' in plain, unadorned English, because 'Missus' is the most wretched of managers, and is often at the point of having not a copper in her purse."

"To see how they live and waste here, it is a wonder the whole city does not 'bankrupt,' and go out of sight; flinging platefuls of what they are pleased to denigrate 'crusts' (that is what I consider all the best of the bread) into the ash-pits! I often say, with honest self-congratulation, 'In Scotland we have no such thing as "crusts." On the whole, though the English ladies seem to have their wits more at their finger-tips, and have a great advantage over me in that respect, I never cease to be glad that I was born on the other side of the Tweed, and that those who are nearest and dearest to me are Scotch."

"I must tell you what Carlyle will not tell of himself—that he is rapidly mending of his Craigenputtock gloom and acerbity. He is really at times a tolerably social character, and seems to be regarded with a feeling of mingled terror and love in all companies, which I should expect the diffusion of Teufelsdröckh will tend to increase."

Very sprightly and delightful are all her letters to her mother-in-law. Very busy was she during these first

years in London, jealously guarding her husband from interruption in the fierce fever of his solitary labors, making over old gowns, buying second-hand furniture, planning how to make her scant supply of china suffice for the garnishing of the table when their few congenial friends were invited to a modest little feast, training servant-girls, sweeping doors, blacking grates, killing bed-bugs, worn with petty anxieties, hunted for sympathy, and, for a recreation, learning Italian! But with all their trials, these were not altogether unhappy years. That she really loved as well as admired her husband, is proved by a hundred passages in her correspondence, and it is a perverse disposition that can discover no evidence of passion in her manifold expressions of tenderness. How beautiful this little message from her to his mother, added as a postscript to one of his letters just after he had returned from a visit to Scotland:—

"MY DEAR MOTHER: You know the saying, 'It is not lost which a friend gets,' and in the present case it must comfort you for losing him. Moreover, you have others behind, and I have only him—only him in the whole wide world to love me and take care of me, poor little wretch that I am. Not but that numbers of people love me after their fashion far better than I deserve; but then his fashion is so different from all these, and seems alone to suit the crotchety creature that I am. Thank you, then, for having, in the first place, been kind enough to produce him into this world; and for having, in the second place, made him scholar enough to recognize my various excellences; and for having, in the last place, sent him back to me again to stand by me in this cruel east wind. . . . God bless you all! I will write you a letter all to yourself before long, God willing."

To the last his success was her happiness. In the spring of 1866, only two or three weeks, before her sudden death, Carlyle delivered his address to the Edinburgh students as Lord Rector of the University. She was in an agony of anxiety for him till the ordeal was over.

"I am afraid," she wrote to her mother, "and he himself is certain, his address will be a sad break-down to human expectation. He has had no practice in public speaking—having it with all his heart. And then he does speak; does not merely read or repeat from memory a composition elaborately prepared—in fact, as in the case of his predecessors, printed before it was 'delivered.' I wish him well through it, for I am very fearful the worry and flurry of the thing will make him ill."

When the day came she wrote to him:—

"DEAREST: By the time you get this you will be out of your trouble, better or worse, but out of it, please God! And if ever you let yourself be led or driven into such a horrid thing again, I will never forgive you—never."

"What I have been suffering, vicariously, of late days is not to be told. If you had been to be hanged I don't see that I could have taken it more to heart. This morning, after about two hours of off and on sleep, I awoke, long before daylight, to sleep no more. While drinking a glass of wine and eating a biscuit at five in the morning, it came into my mind, 'What is he doing, I wonder, at this moment?' And then, instead of picturing my smoking up the stranger-chimney, or anything else that was likely to be, I found myself always dropping off into details of a regular execution! Now they will be telling him it is time! Now they will be plucking his arms and saying last words! Oh, mercy! Was I dreaming or waking? Was I mad or sane? Upon my word I hardly know now. Only that I have been having next to no sleep all the week, and that at the best of times I have a too 'fertile imagination,' like 'oor David.' When the thing is over I shall be content, however it have gone as to making a good 'appearance' or a bad one. That you have made your 'address,' and are alive, that is what I long to hear, and, please God! shall hear in a few hours. My 'imagination' has gone the length of representing you getting up to speak before an awful crowd of people, and, what with fuss and 'bad air,' and confusion, dropping down dead."

When the news came the next day, by a telegram from John Tyndall, that the address had been "a perfect triumph," she went into a fit of hysterics. Before Carlyle got back from Scotland he died suddenly, while taking an afternoon ride, April 21, 1866. "She was leaning back in one corner of the carriage, rugs spread over her knees; her eyes were closed, and her upper lip slightly, slightly opened. Those who saw her at the hospital and when in the carriage speak of the beautiful expres-

sion upon her face." Her last writing was a letter to her husband, penned a few hours before. Far away he was "cripping out Terence's way, among the silent green meadows, at the moment when she left this earth." The light of his life was gone out, and for long, long years he was to travel on in solitude and ceaseless sorrow.

That Jane Welsh found her appropriate destiny in marrying Thomas Carlyle, we firmly believe on the evidence of these letters and memorials, whatever opinion on this point others may have. That it was not a very comfortable thing to be wife to such a self-centred, lonely, wild and gloomy genius as Carlyle, is certain; but for such a nature as hers, the misery inseparable from such a union was preferable to commonplace ease and pleasure as the companion of an ordinary man. She helped make him great. Her faith and sympathy strengthened him in his lonely wrestlings. She was a living sacrifice to his genius. In sacrifice there is suffering, but there is also joy—such joy as ignoble, pleasure-seeking natures cannot know. Had he been less strenuous in his endeavor to make full proof of his calling, even for the sake of being gentler and more companionable, she would have despised him in her heart. The mountain peak is awful in its bleak grandeur, but the tender cloud clings to it with a passion of self-sacrificing devotion and gentleness.

NOTES FROM ENGLAND.

BY GEORGE JOHN STEVENSON, M. A.

Writing for Methodist readers chiefly, the progress of the cause is the first subject for remark. I am writing in the midst of the "May meetings," the great anniversaries of both religious and philanthropic institutions; and these are now so numerous in London that the anniversary sermons, meetings, and breakfasts total up a list of over two hundred and fifty; and they now spread over every day in April, May, and part of June—in some cases three, four, or more meetings daily, and a collection at each. There are both religious and philanthropic institutions of a local or sectional character which are not of sufficient public importance to take a place in the May meeting record, but every year some new agency is brought forward at this season, gathers together its friends and admirers, and makes an appeal to the public for patronage and support. The Salvation Army takes its place this year in the May anniversaries for the first time, and the meeting was held the week following Convocation, and the yearly meeting of the bishops and clergy, on which occasion two of the bishops spoke evil of the Army without satisfactory evidence to support their statements. Mr. Booth challenged the truth of the accusations of the indiscreet bishops, and appealed to the meeting for their verdict, which was demonstratively against the bishops, and in support of their opinion. The meeting most generously subscribed no less a sum than \$55,000 to help on the work of the Army—a sum ten times larger than any of the bishops could have got for any church agency. It was a crushing condemnation of episcopal presumption. The Salvation Army is a potent factor for good in old England as well as in other countries, where it is steadily living down opposition.

The Y. M. C. Association anniversary was held in Exeter Hall, which building is now their headquarters and their property. It was bought for a large sum, and adapted for their purposes at a large outlay. Last year there was a mortgage debt on the premises of \$65,000, but that has been reduced this year by \$27,500. In doing that their ordinary income has suffered. The Association in London has now 2,332 members, of whom 452 are active missionaries. Their income for the year was \$40,000; expenditures, \$50,000. The year's work was well reported of in all its aspects, and the value of the institution abundantly demonstrated. Three prepared addresses were given, on "Christian Austerity," "Christian Thoroughness," and "Christian Pleasures."

The venerable Earl of Shaftesbury presided, who is now eighty-two years old; yet he is to take the chair at nearly thirty of the May anniversaries. God has wonderfully preserved and helped this really noble man during a long, laborious, and most useful public life. There is no man in England so much loved by the very poor as Lord Shaftesbury, yet he is the lineal descendant of the famous infidel, John Lord Bolingbroke, Earl of Shaftesbury, two centuries ago. How men and families change! The life of the present Earl is largely owing to so many prayers constantly offered for him by all sections of Christians.

The Methodist Free churches had their missionary meeting in Exeter Hall at the end of April. Their society has been under a cloud all the year, which began with a debt; and that has been increased by the destruction of mission property, the result of war in Eastern Africa. Their income is reported at £17,011; expenditure, £18,600. So they began another year with a debt of £1,600, which will greatly limit their progress, as they cannot enter any new stations. Their work is well reported of as steady and reliable, but only small increases in membership are recorded. The Connexion is just starting a Thanksgiving Fund to enable them to clear off debts on various agencies which are felt to be serious hindrances. They have just completed a separate existence of twenty-five years of harmonious work, and this fund is to commemorate the occasion. As a body they number 84,000 members; but they should be united with the parent society, and they may be so united in the near future.

The Baptists had nearly a week of anniversary meetings, continuing day by day, and two on some days. Their missionary meeting was held in their own mission house in Holborn. It is the oldest of the evangelical missions, and was begun by good old Andrew Fuller in 1795, who came to London to beg money to send William Carey to India; and the result of his appeal was \$65. Failing to get the money wanted, he turned into the country lanes to weep and pray, and God sent to him a sea captain, who took the missionary over free, the friends giving him a very humble outfit. The result is known of Carey's work in India. This year the society reports an income of £60,722, which is £8,000 over that of last year, and the highest in amount ever reached. They have had a Bible Translation Society for some years, but the Bible Society has granted them this concession—to print in future editions of the Bible where the words baptize and baptism occur a marginal reading like this: "Some translate this immerse." This is an important concession, and is a step in the right direction. The Baptist zenana mission is well reported of. The receipts on its behalf were \$24,750, leaving a balance in hand of \$750. The working expenses of this Society are less than four per cent of the income—a good sign. The sum of \$1,150 was contributed at the year's meeting. There are zenana missions connected with the Wesleyans and the Church, which are well reported of. The Wesleyans are very active.

The various anniversary meetings of Methodism have presented reports of satisfactory progress. The Foreign Missionary Society had four very able preliminary sermons preached on its behalf by Rev. W. T. Davison, Rev. Luke Tyerman, Rev. Charles Garrett, and Rev. Dr. Parker. The Breakfast Meeting was full of interest. On what is called "Missionary Sunday" nearly two hundred special sermons were preached, and collections made for the missions in over one hundred Methodist chapels in London. The great meeting was held in Exeter Hall, and 3,000 people were held in deep attention, and kept together for five hours. The speaking was interesting, pointed and practical. The income was reported at £169,361, which, by the most desperate efforts, covered the expenditure within £85. It is many years since such a result was reported, but at least £10,000 is required yearly to keep pace with the demands made on the society. Rev. E. W. Parker, of

the M. E. Church, Northern India, was at the meeting, but he did not make himself known till he spoke at the missionary love-feast held in City Road Chapel in the evening, where the writer went with him and Mrs. Parker, and invited them to his home. On Tuesday evening, May 1, the Wesleyan Home Missionary Meeting was held in City Road Chapel. A large and delighted audience was held together for three hours to hear eloquent and earnest speeches, and a Report cheering and progressive. This society looks after the Methodists in the army, the villages, and neglected people in our large towns. It is doing immense good quietly.

On the 2d of May the Metropolitan Methodist Chapel Building Fund held its anniversary in City Road Chapel, which had a good audience, kept together three hours by excellent addresses. The Report stated that during one hundred and twenty years (from 1740 to 1860) only sixteen Methodist chapels were built in London capable of holding 1,000 persons. This fund, originated in 1861 by the gift of £50,000 by Sir Francis Lytton, has been the means, with local help, of the erection in London of sixty-four chapels, each capable of seating 1,000 people at the least; so that in twenty-one years four times as many large chapels have been built as during the previous one hundred and twenty years. The Methodist people now begin to see the full benefit of the fund, and it is believed that the next ten years will see the good work still more widely extended. The Methodist chapels of London will seat about 100,000 persons—see how small is that provision in a city of four million people! We must try and keep pace with the population.

The Primitive Methodist Home and Foreign Missions held their anniversary meeting in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle. The attendance was large—say 5,000; but the place will hold 6,000. The speaking was good, and the work done during the year was well reported of, the people on the stations having sent liberal contributions to the funds. The total receipts last year were £36,865, which was very nearly balanced by the expenditure. This is considered a satisfactory showing, considering that the mission is of comparatively recent origin. They are a very earnest people, work very hard for Christ, and have been very successful. They held their first Conference sixty-four years ago, and now they have about 200,000 members in society, including 8,000 in Canada. With the expected increase shortly to be reported, they number 205,000.

The Church of England Foreign Missionary meeting was held in Exeter Hall, May 2. Dr. Benson, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, inaugurated his public career by presiding on the occasion, and the meeting was crowded with bishops, church dignitaries and an appreciative audience, who gave his grace a very cordial and enthusiastic welcome to Exeter Hall. The chairman delivered a practical and useful opening speech, which will tell in his favor. The Report indicates the extent of the society's labors, the income being £225,231, being nearly £10,000 over that of last year; the expenditure was £215,483. With such a princely income, the society is able to do grand work in the foreign field. The interest of the meeting was not sustained. The chairman and several of the bishops left for other duties at one o'clock, and more than half the people left with them, leaving a poor audience for the three hours following. This was not a good sign.

The Bible Society had a good meeting, May 3. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided, and was supported by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the venerable missionary, Dr. Moffat, and many others. The total income was £210,600, or £10,816 over last year; expenditures, £207,096, or £17,079 in excess of last year. So the "good work" progresses. The total issues of Scriptures last year was 2,964,636 or 26,091 more than last year, and bringing up the total figures since 1804 to 96,917,629 copies of the Scriptures. What may we hope from such an agency continued to the end of the present century!

The Archbishop was the first speaker, and he received an enthusiastic welcome. He thanked the committee for adding the word "immerse" to the margin of their Bibles in future issues.

The English Presbyterian Synod was sitting in London during the first week in May. They reported £8,500 as their contribution for foreign missions; and for the special Thanksgiving Fund, £144,147 was put on record. They have just issued a new Hymnal, carefully prepared. The synod gave deep and serious attention to their doctrinal standards, the Westminster Catechism being now considered out of date and not in harmony with the religious opinion held by the Christian Church of to-day.

London, May 8.

CHRISTIAN WORK ABROAD.

BY REV. GIDEON DRAPER, D. D.

LONDON.

It is a striking fact that while the religious anniversaries have to a great degree lost their prestige with us, they retain largely their pristine popularity and interest in the world's great metropolis. The number does not diminish, and much prayer had been previously offered for gracious results. There is a fervently expressed need of a divine quickening in the English churches. "Infidelity is not so much to be feared as the cold formalism that is creeping over Christianity. The want of heart, interest and enthusiasm is the great danger of our times." The church is confessedly too Laodicean. Mr. Moody, en route to the United States for a summer of partial rest, presided at a conference in Exeter Hall of Christian workers with reference to the coming campaign. The meeting was large and harmonious; the spirit of it was intense earnestness and hopefulness. The 1st of November is the time fixed upon for its inauguration; a plan was laid down for six months. Two or more large and movable buildings are to be erected in twelve different districts of the city, while chapels and churches will also be utilized. Much preparatory labor will be performed, and there will be special effort to make it an especial success. Mr. Moody was so much in the spirit that he felt "as if his bones were all on fire, and he was ready for the battle."

Y. M. C. ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the "Young Men's Christian Association" was numerously attended and enthusiastic. Every corner of the spacious Exeter Hall was crowded, and many were unable to gain an entrance. Lord Shaftesbury presided, as usual, over the brilliant and packed assembly. In his timely and practical address he made pathetic allusion to his advancing age, and that he could not hope to preside at many such gatherings. Unusual success had attended the efforts during the year for the spiritual, intellectual and physical advancement of the young men of London. The receipts had been \$40,000, and about one-half of the indebtedness of \$65,000 has been secured, with promise of the remainder.

The Young Women's Christian Association celebrated its anniversary under the presidency of the same noble chairman, and with similar interest and attendance. Lord Kinraid presented the Earl of Shaftesbury with an inkstand and pencil of silver from the young women, and there were suitable addresses of congratulations, thanks and reply.

REFORMATORY AND REFUGE UNION.

Exeter Hall was also crowded at the anniversary of this Union established for the benefit of destitute and neglected children, discharged prisoners, and outcast women. Thousands of the unfortunate and the criminal have been rescued, and there are 550 affiliated institutions engaged in the same self-denying and Christly endeavor. It is an emphatic response to the call of the Master, "to seek and save the lost." And the London field is boundless. Lord Shaftesbury, again chairman, and the founder of Ragged Schools throughout the great city, said he was very much indebted

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Miscellaneous.

SHIPWRECK OF FAITH.

BY REV. E. WENTWORTH, D. D.

[Continued.]

In religious life Hymeneus and Philetus are repeated in every age. Wrecks of faith lie rotting on the sands, or swinging in the tides that lash the rocks where they struck, but, all in vain, so far as warning is concerned to those who come after. All around us the careless and reckless are steering for the sands where they have seen others stranded, making directly for the reefs where barks as fair and staunch as their own have been gorged by the remorseless breakers. The "heady" close their eyes alike to the plain directions of the chart and the multiplied illustrations of its accuracy drawn from human experience. They take their destinies in their own hands and speedily make "shipwreck of faith," as though they had a mad passion for destruction. Chart, compass and course are given from above, yet man obstinately or carelessly persists in ignoring or neglecting directions, and soon determines his fate. Morally and religiously he is soon ashore wallowing in the quicksands of some social Cape Cod, enveloped in a Hatteras gale, or driving on a Florida reef.

"Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own,"
and is speedily lost to view forever.

Two momentous questions are ever being asked at sea. One is the inquiry hourly put to the steersman, "How do you head?"

The captain knows as well as the man at the wheel the direction in which the ship is moving. His room is aft and communicates directly with the helmsman by window or gangway. Moreover, a compass is conveniently situated in his cabin for his own observation, and he knows at a glance whether the vessel is being steered according to his orders or not. Yet, ever and anon, the man at the wheel has his senses quickened by the ringing shout, "How do you head?"

It is a question of infinite moment in the navigation of the bark of "faith." Christian, how do you head? Are you following the explicit directions given you by the divine Sailing Master? Have you obeyed orders—kept your eye on the needle, or, given up to dreamy languor, pleasure, business, company, pre-occupation, or willfulness, are you, sensibly or insensibly, one point off, two points off, only a trifle? But oh, what a difference it will make in a few hours' sailing! The compass instantly shows the variation, notes promptly the departure, and the divine Spirit as promptly propounds the startling question, "How do you head?" To-day, fellow-voyager, head the divine Voice! It will keep you hourly to a settled course. Otherwise, you will be "tossed to and fro, carried about with every wind of doctrine." You will inevitably be like a "wave of the sea driven of the wind and tossed."

Sinner, how do you head? Have you any course, or are you driving at random over all seas, now tempest-tossed and now becalmed, as it may chance, compassless, rudderless, drifting to destruction? Listen to the ringing inquiry, "How do you head?"

The other important question always being put at sea, as often as opportunity offers, is, "What is your longitude?"

Whenever two ships meet, on long ocean voyages, by trumpet or signal the inquiry passes, "What longitude have you?" Weighty inquiry! A mile out of your way! A few seconds' variation or error in reckoning, and you are liable to strike on some sunken ledge, some mountain whose base lies at the bottom of the sea, while its crest is almost at the surface, at once a danger and a warning to careless mariners. How frequently noted Christian navigators compare notes in matters of experience pertaining to the life-voyage! In olden times "they that feared the Lord spake often one to another." So should we, if we would not join the ghastly relics with which the bottom of life's ocean is strewn.

Every maritime coast is infested with a class of men called "wreckers." In olden times it was their calling to plunder every wreck that came ashore. Physical wrecking, in the interest of plunder, if not of murder and robbery, was long since made a felony, a crime punishable in some countries by death; but moral wrecking is carried on to-day all about us. There are those who put out warning lights, remove spin-dles and buoys from dangerous reefs, hang out false lights and display deceptive signals to decoy the ignorant and unheeding to destruction,

that they may gloat over their ruin and fatten on their spoils. Monsters there are in every community who make it their business to seduce the unwary, to rob the inexperienced, and to wreck the fortunes, characters, reputations and religious hopes of others for their own selfish ends. The Christian has another mission. He is a member *ex-officio* of the divine life-preserving institution. His business is, not to ruin, but to save, ship, life, property, whatever can be saved. It is his to invent modes for saving men from destruction. Capt. Manby, who in 1807 invented, in England, the mode of throwing a rope to a stranded vessel by means of a mortar, died in 1854, with the knowledge that he had been the means of saving over a thousand lives by this simple invention. Are we, similarly, Christian readers, laboring to save those whom the devil and his agents would fain wreck and destroy? Do we belong to any branch of the humane society, inventing and using any and all manner of appliances for the salvation of the wrecked and perishing?

What more tragic than shipwreck! It is a favorite theme for the muse of the poet and the pencil of the painter. Can we imagine it? It is mid-night, and a wild storm is raging! The inhabitants of a rugged coast are alive to its possible disasters. Suddenly the cry rends the air and pierces every ear, heard above the loudest din of the warring elements, "Ship ashore!" Signal lights glaze from point to point, rockets blaze, guns are fired, bells ring a warning peal, and an entire community rushes from bed to bedside. The cry of fire in the city is not more thrilling than the cry of "wreck" on the beach of the sea. "Vessel in the breakers! on the rocks! on the sands!" What can help her? What is done must be quickly done! Bring out the mortar and throw them a line! Kiddle signal fires along the beach! The sea is breaking there over the doomed vessel, the men are clinging to the rigging! Brave hearts and willing hands, to the rescue! "Man the life-boat!" Pull through the rolling breakers! Catch the line thrown from above! The bravest dangles from it for a moment, and the next he is aboard, an angel of comfort and hope.

Oh, the value of these humane associations! How many are wrecked in the sands of moderate drinking; how many are stranded on the shoals of fleshly lust! How many dash upon the rocks of sudden temptation, lost to the church, wrecked in faith—for this world and the next! How necessary is it to hold "faith and a good conscience." How many, alas, insensibly throw the compass, conscience, overboard, scuttle the bark of faith, and sink in open ocean! How many are robbed, plundered and burned by pirates! How many decaying to ruin by wreckers along the shore! How many rush recklessly to their own destruction!

What, O sinner, will be the end of your career? Will it be to utter a cry of despair as your bark founders and goes down with a fearful lurch, sticks all standing? And what your final doom? What but to scud, like the fabled phantom ship, sheeted in flame, over the waves of perdition while the typhoons of damnation shriek and howl through your rigging forever and ever?

Christian, how will your voyage end? Holding faith and a good conscience, it is impossible to make shipwreck. Storms may rage, winds howl, clouds darken, tempests lower, but you shall be safe at last—safely anchored, finally, in the haven of eternal rest.

"O land beyond the sea!
When will life's voyage be o'er?
When shall we reach that soft blue shore,
O'er the dark straits whose billows foam and roar?"

When shall we come to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea?"

LETTER FROM CINCINNATI.

MR. EDITOR: Perhaps all the world ought to know that the great "Dramatic Festival" of our city did not need in the least the resolutions passed unanimously by the Cincinnati Preachers' Meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church, condemnatory of the whole thing, and kindly but earnestly warning Christians, and especially Methodists, against its pernicious influences. At any rate, the preachers were glad to be put on record as opponents to the theatre in every form, if the managers did not heed their protest.

Right here it might be proper to state that Dr. Wm. Young, in years and in service, is out in a vigorous article against "Theatres" in the *Westerns* of May 16. The Doctor professes to have studied this question long and carefully, and he deals heavily with it and all connivance at the institution in any form. His voice was lifted against holding the sessions of the General Conference of 1880 in Pike's Opera House; and in the article noted he entreats the Philadelphia brethren to stay away from any theatre, if they have to hire a big tent and pitch it on the com-

mons, to accommodate the sessions of said body in 1884, to be held in that city. We want to chronicle the fact that Dr. Young was consistent with his convictions in this matter, for certain it is that he never crossed the threshold of Pike's during the four weeks of the General Conference of 1880, though he had been a member of a number of previous General Conferences, and would naturally feel an interest in the business and desire to be present.

Coming back for a moment to the Dramatic Festival, allow me to say that the sentiment of the better part of our citizens is overwhelmingly against the prostituting of our great Music Hall to purposes other than those for which it was originally designed, and to which it was dedicated, viz., the divine art of music, and music alone.

Our Preachers' Meeting is now warmly engaged in discussing the pending temperance issues. There is not much difference of opinion. It is either license or prohibition, and as we have been asking the Legislature of our State for several years to give us the privilege of voting for constitutional prohibition, and they have at last heeded our request, it is most likely that temperance people generally will put in the ballot for prohibition and against license. Some, however, are very doubtful of the issue, and seem to fear that when our election is past we will find ourselves without either license or prohibition, and so be just where we have stood for thirty years on this question; and all because they think the whiskey and beer interest has been the power in so framing the proposed amendments to the constitution that they will both be likely to be defeated. We shall see.

One thing is certain: The temperance cause is gathering, and the interest increasing every day, as the people begin to study and look at the magnitude of the question. The prohibition ticket put into the field two years ago by the famous convention held on the Loveland camp meeting grounds has been a greater factor in this temperance question than many good people even are quite ready to admit. Let me cite one instance: Prior to that time, the temperance question was too insignificant a thing to engage the attention of a governor in our State in his annual message; since then Governor Foster has taken very prominent notice of this growing question in his yearly messages.

Missionary day has been observed in most of the churches in the city and suburbs, and the result seems to be an increase in most churches over last year in the contributions of the people. The churches mostly appear to be in a healthy and prosperous condition. It is rumored now on good authority that there will be some startling changes made at our approaching Conference session, prominent among which will be the putting of Cincinnati into one presiding elder's district. This will disorganize the East and West districts as at present arranged, and may possibly necessitate the reorganization of the whole Conference into a new set of districts. Dr. Leonard's time on the East district expires at the approaching Conference, and as it has been talked about for some years, it is altogether probable that the change will be made, especially as most of the leading churches in the city and suburbs, perhaps, desire the experiment to be tried.

We have one of our young men from the University supplying the pulpit of Christie Chapel in Cincinnati, Rev. Bro. Warner. He is doing nicely and making many friends in the absence of the pastor, Rev. H. Tuckey, who with his family is in Europe for a year of travel and rest.

The friends of holiness, as a specialty, have taken a new departure in our city, which they think will be promotive of the interests which they represent. They have rented and fitted up a hall in a central part of the city, where they intend to hold a meeting every Thursday afternoon at three o'clock for the promotion of holiness, or the higher life of religion. They do this because, as it is not strictly a denominational institution, they believe all parties will feel free to go to a hall into any one of the churches; and in this probably they are right, as the experiments in New York, Philadelphia, and in other places have proved that more persons will attend where there are no strictly denominational surroundings than otherwise.

Our spring thus far has been lovely—cool and delightful; and while there have been some threatened frosts, yet at this writing the prospect for an abundance of fruit of all kinds in all this region of country was never more flattering. The wheat looks fine also, and notwithstanding the croakings of many farmers declare we will have, if nothing further injures the grain, the average crop. God is good, and while there is much wickedness and forgetfulness of Him, He nevertheless still smiles upon our land and nation.

May 17. A. BOWEN.

REVIVAL WORK.

In response to a call of the presiding elder, Dr. Mallen, twenty of the preachers on the eastern part of the Boston district met at Bromfield Street vestry for prayer and conversation. After a delightful season of half an hour in prayer, each pastor made a brief report of the progress of the work of salvation in his charge since Conference. It was found that there had been in the charges represented more than seventy clear conversions, with as many more, perhaps, to be numbered as seekers, and that the spirit of revival is evidently abroad.

From reporting the condition of the charges the brethren very naturally drifted into a conversation on the best methods of promoting the revival spirit. We cannot better serve those to whom this little meeting and the purpose for which it was called are of any interest, than by giving in almost the

same language and order the suggestions of that hour.

It will not be thought a thing strange—so happy were we in song and prayer and communion with each other as brethren—that the very first suggestion was that we hold monthly meetings of a like character. It was simply the old "three tabernacle" story repeated, whether by another Peter or not we cannot tell. Other and important suggestions were as follows: Appoint a day of special prayer; call the membership together for a consecration service; seek special power to bring men to Christ; hold extra meetings immediately wherever practicable; preach spiritual and tender sermons on the dreadful nature of sin and the awful retributions, urging men to at once accept of Christ. Let there be meetings of small companies to pray for special cases. Make an appeal to the membership to secure the attendance at these extra meetings of those who are unsaved. Begin and close meetings on time, but make no haste at the altar. If extra meetings are not held, let special effort be made in the Sunday-school. Urge attendance upon class-meetings, and make them inquiry-meetings as well. Organize classes of workers among the young people who shall report the names and residences of interested persons to the pastor for his personal visitation.

Such are some of the practical hints thrown out by the brethren, and they commend themselves to the prayerful consideration of all pastors.

This note was ordered, and the meeting then adjourned to September, at the call of the elder.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE MINUTES?

"The Annual Minutes of the New England Southern Conference" (a la Dr. Buckley) have just come to hand; and, as usual, I turn at once to the statistical tables to see that they tell the truth. I glance down the alphabetical lists of appointments of Providence district till I reach South Somerset, my charge the last year as well as the present, for whose statistics I am responsible. I trace with my finger across the pages, and at the figures in the different columns answer, "Correct," till I reach a mysterious blank in the Woman's Foreign Missionary column, another in Education column, and another in Education column, whereas for W. F. M. S. \$23 were reported; for Church Extension Society, \$4; and for Education \$2 were reported. Besides, we are credited with \$4 for Tract Society, \$4 for Freedmen's Aid Society, \$6 for American Bible Society, whereas our collections for these causes were, respectively, \$2, \$15 and \$4!

By this time the perspiration is flowing freely, and an uncomfortable creeping disturbs the spinal column through its entire length, while a certain Vesuvian growth at the base of the skull, which for interminable weeks has poured forth its tormenting streams, is agitated from base to apex. Yet I know that the blanks were correctly filled, for I did it myself, and retained a duplicate. I knew that I placed the report in an envelope, sealed it, and directed it legibly (for is not all my chirography legible?) to "Committee on Statistics," and delivered it in person to Rev. E. F. Smith, one of the committee. How, then, can these numerous errors be accounted for? Pondering this question, and glancing at the contiguous reports, light began to dawn. South Braintree immediately precedes South Somerset in the list of charges, numbered 59 in the list, some suspicious looking figures, perched, like runaway chickens, on a neighboring roost. First, was our missing \$23, due the W. F. M. S. Then our Church Extension collection had got into the wrong pew. Our Tract collection had probably exchanged places with South Braintree, perhaps because it was nearer the Hub. Our Sunday-school Union and Education collection had ambitiously climbed one round too high. Our Freedmen's Aid collection of \$15 was over instead of under somebody's \$4, which lyingly professed to represent the measure of our interest in Dr. Rust's wards.

So here, probably, is the true explanation of this mess of "pl." The statistical committee blundered in transcribing the figures, mixing up the reports from South Braintree and from South Somerset most injudiciously for us, but decking our sister charge with plumes from our honestly won wardrobe. Brethren of the committee, please make the *amende honorable*, and give us back our own. In this chili May wind plucked chickens are not comfortable. Brethren of the Conference and of the churches, please correct your Minutes, and thus give "honor to whom honor is due," even though in so doing the shame of somebody's nakedness is made to appear.

J. LIVESKY.

LASSELL SEMINARY.

Report of the Board of Visitors of the N. E. Conference.

The committee appointed at the last session of the New England Conference to visit Lassel Seminary for Young Women, Abundant, Mass., were present at the anniversary exercises in June last and at different times during the year, when they went unannounced, visiting all the classes in their recitation, and seeing the school in its every-day work. They found a home-like atmosphere pervading the school, its order and discipline admirable, and the relations between the teachers and students exceptionally pleasant—a case of discipline rarely having occurred during the present administration.

A marked religious interest prevails in the school, evinced not in the ordinary revival movement, but in tearful, individual inquiries after rest in Christ from sin. Some portion of each day is spent by the principal in personal con-

versation with the students on the subject of religion, and the morning and evening prayers are the outgrowth of daily spiritual work—simple, direct and tender. A Bible class for the whole school is conducted by the principal each Sabbath morning.

The several departments are in charge of disciplined and competent instructors, and the average recitation shows the thoroughness in preparation which enters into the higher grades of scholarship. Prof. C. C. Bragdon, the principal, ranks with the first class of educators, and his scholarship, tact and energy are felt throughout the school. Miss Carrie Carpenter, the accomplished preceptress, endears herself to the young ladies by her culture and devotion to their improvement. Prof. Burke, from the Wesleyan University, is opening out the sciences upon a broader basis of instruction. Additional apparatus has been purchased recently at a cost of over \$1,000, and a large and commodious laboratory is to be furnished for his and the pupils' use the coming year. The French and German languages are taught by experienced native teachers, and the best Boston specialists are secured for the musical, art, law, and other departments. For the last seven years the Seminary has furnished scientific instruction in cooking, dress-cutting and millinery as a part of its curriculum, and the experience has proved that this aid to qualifications for the practical duties of life does not interfere with other studies nor lower the standard of scholarship. As a consequence, other similar institutions are now following the lead of Lassel in this new departure.

The school has two rival literary societies, and publishes a monthly paper with a circulation of five hundred copies. The art department has been enriched the past year by an outlay of \$500 in choice pictures purchased in Europe. The library contains nine hundred volumes, and is supplemented by a reading-room well supplied with the leading periodicals. The students visit, at suitable times, in charge of their teachers, the Natural Science Museum of Harvard College, the Natural History Rooms and Art Museum of Boston, and attend many of the musical concerts.

One year since, an east wing was added to the main building at a cost of \$81,000, giving greater symmetry to the structure, and furnishing much-needed accommodations. The additional rooms were at once taken, and applications for admission to the Seminary in excess of the accommodations are constantly on hand. During the present season, a new building for the musical department and for a gymnasium is to be erected, at a cost of not less than \$10,000. The institution, since its new departure under the present principal, has been a marvel of success, starting from a forlorn hope with a debt of \$60,000, with only twenty students, and advancing the number to one hundred and ten, doubling its accommodations, with cost as above stated, and reducing its debt to \$35,000, and that in the midst of rival institutions of a similar character, some with princely appointments, others with historic fame, and all with high denominational prestige.

The experiment has shown that it has met a felt want not supplied by mixed schools, and has fully justified the wisdom of the action of this Conference ten years since, in endorsing the purchase of the seminary, and thanking the trustees for their generous enterprise. And to-day this Conference might well re-thank the noble men who have borne this financial burden, and sing a doxology over what they and their indefatigable principal have achieved.

Signed, for the Committee, W. R. CLARK, A. B. KNOX, et al.

Adopted by the Conference April 7, 1883.

A GOOD BOOK.

Have you read "Hugh Montgomery; or, Experiences of an Irish Minister and Temperance Reformer?" I believe it will do more good than any other book ever sold by the Book Concern. I believe that if the 20,000 traveling and the 20,000 local preachers in the United States would return to the old way of doing good by selling good books, and would first get their souls set on fire by reading this, and then take it into the pulpit and tell the people its merits, and if they would buy and read it, it would do them much good and help them greatly in their religious life, and the good influence it would exert would greatly aid them in their ministerial and pastoral work. Hundreds of thousands might be sold, and thousands of souls be converted through its instrumentalities.

Oh, for the return of what was good in the practice of former days; especially in the circulation of good reading and the crowding out of the bad, injurious and soul-destroying to give place to soul-saving reading! It seems to me that many ministers might do as much good by circulating useful reading as they do in preaching; at any rate, they might add much to their usefulness in this way. The first sermon I heard after my conversion, it seemed as though I had never heard preaching before; and I prized the privilege of hearing the Gospel so highly, that I walked sixteen miles one week evening to hear Wm. Paine, and thirty miles Saturday night and Monday before breakfast to hear J. N. Maffit. But I received more help in the Christian life from reading Hester Ann Rogers and Bramwell than from the preaching I heard. If I was twenty years younger, I would send the remainder of my life in selling "Hugh Montgomery," and should feel that I was doing as much good for my brethren in the pulpit. As it is, I think I will take the field for H. M.

J. F. RISLEY.

The Hartford Courant of May 14, says

of Prof. Winchester's lecture in that city the previous Saturday, on Addison:—"Prof. Winchester's fifth lecture was on Addison. In some respects Addison is a difficult subject, for his life had no stir, no movement; it was placid and uneventful. Yet Prof. Winchester with his rare gift in seizing on the solvent parts of character and depicting them in a fresh and delightful manner, held

his large audience from the first word to the last word. Prof. Winchester is a calm, painstaking and judicious critic, very seldom lavish of his praise, and it is one of the remarkable features of his course that a man so balanced and fair should be so very entertaining."

Our Book Table.

A. S. Barnes & Co. publish a new ELEMENTARY ARITHMETIC, ORAL AND WRITTEN, by Joseph Picklin, Ph. D. This is one of the preliminary text-books in the excellent mathematical course published by this house. It seems to be well adapted to its purpose. Its oral questions, which we specially like, would test the powers of some of our modern upper grammar school classes. We make much less account of mental arithmetic than formerly, and thus lose an invaluable discipline, as well as much practical knowledge.

Charles H. Whiting, Boston, publishes a little volume, by J. S. Foote, entitled, *JOAN OF ARC*. It is a rhymed story of the wonderful French girl. It is not poetry, and the exigencies of the verse often weaken the dramatic force of the pathetic and tragic tale.

A DAY IN THE WOODS, by D. C. Colesworth, Boston: A. Williams & Co. The poet of this volume sings in easy rhymes of everything the writer sees in nature, from the crawling worm to the soaring bird. Sometimes the verse flows on in very familiar terms; at others, a lexicon is needed:—

"Dropped from a marsh-hawk, sailing forth,
Upon the mere a Feather floats;
Colombating to the north,
His course a satirist day denotes."

In the new series of Famous Women, in the course of publication by Roberts Brothers, Boston, we have EMILY BRONTË, by A. May Robinson. Much less has been known of Emily than of Charlotte, and even in this fascinating volume she hardly seems her heroine. The delightful but pathetic sketch records the fortunes and strange misfortunes of the whole Brontë family. Emily was the most eccentric, the strongest, most original mind. If she had not dropped over-tasked, prematurely, in the terrible struggle for independence and in her ceaseless care for the other members of her hapless family, her maturer books must have made a profound impression upon society. "Wuthering Heights" is as unique, and powerful, as her best past poetry. Her own life is almost as tragical as her story; her death, as touching as that of Miss Robinson, is affecting in the extreme. One will reluctantly close this very interesting and very painful volume, and the memory of its incidents will linger with him long after he finishes its pages.

James R. Osgood & Co. bring out in a very handsome form Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's last novel, *THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION*. It commenced in its opening pages, as it appeared in the *Century*, very powerfully, but promising a terrible and unwholesome character. It is a story of a sad breach of family loyalty, it is a story of the moral community. It is reported—we know not with what truth—that the publisher of the popular monthly, shocked by the denunciation apparently prophesied in the early chapters, visited the authoress and protested against such an outcome. By a narrow, forced and awkward escape, and death of the hero, the apparently certain result is avoided. The close of the volume is much weaker than its opening, but this is infinitely better than what was portended. It pictures the social life of Washington in sad but probably true colors. It is a strong work of fiction, but will not add to the reputation of its brilliant, and heretofore very successful, writer.

THE ENGLISH NOVEL AND THE PRINCIPLE OF ITS DEVELOPMENT, by Sidney Lanier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. For sale in Boston by Lockwood, Brooks & Co., 82-84. The chapters of this work, as they were left, unrevise, by their late lamented author, whose monument, rather than prophecy, of future valuable literary work this volume proves to be a reality. It is a series of lectures at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. These admirable historical and philosophical criticisms will be appreciated by all intelligent students in modern literature, and will occasion regret that the author's broad plan of covering the whole field of English literature could not have been carried out. We may not be prepared to accept the final judgment passed by the accomplished lecturer, but upon all the writers coming under his review, but cannot help being impressed with his candor, his intelligent conviction, and the power with which he presents his opinions.

From the same house we have POEMS, by William Cleaver Wilkinson. The professor writes clear and nervous prose, and he does not lack the poetic afflatus. Here is a large variety of hymns, short poems, dramatic pieces and sonnets. There are many musical, some strikingly poetic, and few weak lines in the pretty volume. The book will be prized by a large circle of warm friends of the author, and the general reader of poetry will be beguiled to linger over its inviting pages.

AROUND THE RANCH, by Belle Kellogg Towne. V. I. F. Series. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.25. Here is a story by a new author which will attract the attention of his reviewers, and hold it from the first page to the last. The scene opens in the Colorado mining regions, and the author, who is evidently familiar with the localities described, gives a series of very vivid pictures of life among the mountaineers. The main interest of the story lies in following out the career of its two principal characters, Dan Deering and Deb Gibbs. Both are children, bred under different auspicious conditions, and in most things totally unlike. The boy is city born and brought up, but at the death of his mother, when he is hardly more than ten years old, he is committed to the care of his brother, a miner in the mountains, an honest, hard-working man, who does his best to make his lot a pleasant one. Here his only playmate is Deb Gibbs, the daughter of a well-to-do but uncultivated settler, a girl of rare natural qualities, but wild and strong as an untamed colt. Her parents are proud of her, and are ambitious to have her educated and exposed to the refining influences of a different life from their own. An opportunity offers not many months after Dan's arrival in the mountains, and she goes with a family of summer visitors to their city home, where she enters upon a new and strange life, and one which is in many respects galling and uncomfortable. She misses the free wild air of the mountains, and chafes against the barriers of society which surround her on every side. As time goes on, however, she assimilates herself to the conditions of her new life, without losing her independence. The narrative of her experiences is interesting. Equally interesting is the story of the brief career of Dan.

LIFE OF THE RIGHT REVEREND SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, D. D., by Rev. A. R. Ashwell, M. A., and Reginald G. Wilberforce, with portraits and illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. For sale in Boston by N. J. Bartlett & Co. Octavo, 555 pp. \$1.50.

Few biographies have created a livelier sensation than this of the eloquent and very able son of the great philanthropist. He had been a leader in his church for many years before his sudden and greatly-lamented death; the intimate friend of the chief statesmen of his time; a favorite court preacher, with a hereditary interest in the politics of his country; a remarkable platform speaker, and as remarkably pronounced and outspoken in his opinions; mingling down daily his views of public men and the tendency of events. The publication, without prying or qualification, of his diary and correspondence, corresponding to the life-time of parliament, evoked, very naturally awakened no little irritation, but this in no wise diminishes the interest of the volume to its American readers, but rather increases it. It is a fascinating biography, full of the flavor of its times—one of the most important eras in the ecclesiastical history of the Church of England—as well as of the personal incidents of one of the most intensely active minds of his day. A High Churchman, he was enabled to endure. One who listened to a remarkable platform effort of the Bishop, said he was a combination of his father, Macaulay and the prophet Ezekiel. At a meeting presided over by the Duke of Wellington, he was, by force, then only a little over thirty, made an overwhelming response to an unfortunate speech of Lord Palmerston. Some one asked the Duke why he did not stop one of his young men in his attack upon so mature a statesman. "I feared," said the Duke, "he would turn the torrent of his eloquence upon me, and I should rather have stormed a battery than to have met it." He was a High Churchman, but his views broke with his own brothers, with Dr. Pusey, with Cardinal Manning, his brother-in-law, and with Newman, whose tendency to Romanism he promptly apprehended and vigorously resisted. He was in the full force of his great influence and wide labors when the fall from his horse and his immediate death startled the civilized world. The English edition of the work has been a best-seller, and has attracted the attention of the American press. Everything, however, that awakened criticism in the former edition has been retained in this, and only such portions of the diary and correspondence as would naturally be best parts of the work have been excluded. The volume is very interesting and instructive.

THE WISDOM OF HOLY SCRIPTURE, with Reference to Skeptical Objections, by J. H. McViney. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. For sale in Boston by Lockwood, Brooks & Co., Crown 8vo, 488 pp. \$2.50. This capital apologetic volume discusses in a particularly convincing and popular manner the great problems of creation, of man in his double nature, the temptation in Eden, original sin, the fall, the punishment of the man and woman, the Sabbath, society, population, the ethics of the Old and New Testaments, creeds and confessions, God in the Constitution, etc., questions which are now fresh in the public press, on the platform, and in the pulpit. Dr. McViney is eminently orthodox, but freely accepts all the true light that modern science and criticism throw upon these important questions. The writer's views may not all be accepted, but no one can read the volume without being impressed with the candid temper, the cultivated mind, and earnest convictions of its author.

MOAISCS OF BIBLE HISTORY: The Bible Record, with Illustrations, Poetic and Prose Selections from Standard Literature. By Marcus Willson and Robert Pierpont Willson. Two volumes. 16mo. Price, \$2.00. The compilers of these attractive and useful volumes well upon a very happy idea. Culling from the abundant literature which has grown up around the Bible, they present in these pages short and happy illustrations of the history, the poetry and prose writers. They commence with the Old Testament, devoting to it one volume, and one to the New. Pastor and Sunday-school teacher, and the general reader, will find this volume suggestive, happy, and full of thought, and very apt quotations in illustration of Scripture incidents and passages. It is really the publication of a well-kept Biblical scrap-book. New York: Harper & Bros.

NEW TESTAMENT GREEK WORDS—CRITERIA OF THEIR IMPORTANCE, by Alfred A. Wright, Principal of the Boston Correspondence School of New Testament Greek, and Dean of Greek in the Chattanooga School of Theological and Biblical Studies. It was the boast of Tyndale before he translated the New Testament into English, that he would enable the people to know more about the New Testament than the bishops and theologians. The attempt of Mr. Wright is more audacious. He has undertaken to make the plow-boys and kitchen-maids know more of the original New Testament Greek than the professionals themselves, who acquired their knowledge in the slushy and unscientific methods in vogue only forty years ago. In carrying out his scheme he is constructing a serial lexicon on a novel principle. He divides the most important words and groups under it all its derivatives and compounds in Greek and in English, requiring a memorizing of these seed words. Thus the student's mind becomes a nursery in which a whole forest of Greek is sprouting.

To determine the relative importance of the Greek words, he has drawn up a four-page pamphlet containing fourteen original criteria, with judicious hints as to their value. The author in this brief tract displays a complete mastery of the subject and the highest power of analysis. We have rarely read, within so small a compass, the results of so widely extended and so scholarly and scientific generalizations therefrom. In glancing at his criteria we immediately selected the tenth—"words once written and specially coined"—as freighted with a significance the highest importance; and we immediately called up two of St. Paul's words of this sort, both of them invented to express the thoroughness of the work of sanctification through faith, *hōsaphētos* and *hōsaphētos* in Col. 2:11, "in the stripping off and total laying aside of the flesh," and 1 Thess. 5:23, *holoteletis*, "May the God of peace sanctify you wholly to the end." If he had intended to say "all," he had used *panotes*, and *holos* for the expression of numerical totality.

We are glad to see that the author assigns the tenth criterion so high a place as the second, "unless indeed words discriminated by this criterion are adjudged worthy of the very first place." We would suggest that it will do good to the old stages in New Testament Greek to come in contact with the vigorous, enthusiastic and inspiring utterances of this new Hellenist, who has been raised up to popularize the study of this beautiful language which has been so long a dead letter to the masses as the vehicle of Christian truth. D. S.

The

SECOND

Sunday

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The Sunday School.

SECOND QUARTER. LESSON XI.
Sunday, June 10. Acts 14: 1-18.

AT ICONIUM AND LYSTRA.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., M. A.

I. Prefatory.

1. GOLDEN TEXT: "Speaking boldly in the Lord" (Acts 14: 3).

2. DATE: A. D. 48.

II. Introductory.

Driven from Antioch, whose dust they shook from their feet, Paul and Barnabas took up their journey along the great eastern highway till they crossed the confines of Lycaonia, and reached its capital, Iconium. Resorting, according to their custom, to the synagogue, their fervent preaching immediately won many Jews and proselytes to the faith. But here, too, opposition was excited by the unbelieving Jews, who stirred up disaffection among the heathen population of the city. For a long time, however, the apostles held their ground, preaching and working miracles until, finally, the city was split into factions—the one friendly, the other hostile—and a plot was formed by their enemies to assault and stone them. Apprised of this, they again took flight, and keeping to the same eastern thoroughfare, soon found themselves among the primitive population of the province, where but few Jews had settled and which was as yet almost unvisited by Greek civilization. In the town of Lystra and the neighboring villages the apostles met with some success. In the former place Paul noticed one day a cripple—a born paralytic—whose keen attention and evident faith in the supernatural power of the Christ whom he was preaching so affected him that he singled him out at once in the presence of the multitude, and with a loud voice bade him "stand upright" on his feet. Instant power accompanied the word, and the man, who had never supported his own weight, rose and walked, and exultingly testified, showing that he was completely cured of his disability. The wonder-stricken natives, who clung to their pagan traditions, at once attributed this miracle to the deities who, according to their beliefs, had in bygone times visited the district in human shape, and said to one another in awe-struck tones: "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men." The venerable Barnabas they took to be Zeus or Jupiter, and the younger and eloquent Paul they called Hermes, or Mercury. The whisper soon passed from lip to lip till it reached the priest of Jupiter whose temple stood outside the city, who, procuring bullocks and garlands and followed by a procession, proceeded to the house where the apostles were stopping, to do them sacrifice. This idolatrous purpose was at once thwarted by Paul and Barnabas, who, horror-struck on learning the terrible mistake which had been made, rent their clothes, and rushed into the midst of the company with the most earnest protests, declaring to them that they whom they had taken to be gods were only mortals like themselves, who had come to the world for the very purpose of trying to induce them to turn from their empty idolatries to the Living God, who had made all things, and who, while suffering the nations to walk in their own ways, had not "left Himself without a witness" in His gifts of rain and fruitful seasons. Even these expostulations scarcely sufficed to dissuade the people from their proposed sacrifice.

III. Expository.

1. Speaking with Boldness (verses 1-7).

1. Iconium.—See previous lesson. The city was situated on the great highway from the Egean to the west. It was here, apparently, that Timothy came to know Paul (2 Tim. 3: 10, 11). They went both together.—R. V., "They entered together," that is, Paul and Barnabas. The synagogue—preaching the Gospel, of course. Here, as at Antioch, to the Jews the offer was first made. Says Whiston: "The population seems to have consisted of an upper stratum of Jews and Greeks, and an underlying mass of primitive Lycaonian people, moving about with the air of masters by conquest." And so spoke—spoke so effectively. Both of Jews and of Greeks—the latter proselytes of the gate, chiefly; unconverted worshippers of deities. Believed.—A multitude of converts were won by the preaching.

They spoke so plainly, so convincingly, with such an evidence and demonstration of the Spirit, and with such power; so warmly, so affectionately, and with such a manifest concern for the souls of those they spoke to from the heart, so earnestly and so seriously, so boldly and courageously, that they who heard them could not but say, God was with them of a truth. Yet the success was not attributed to the manner of their preaching, but to the Spirit of God, who made use of these means (Hearsey).

2. The unbelieving Jews.—R. V., "The Jews that were dissident;" would not believe the truth, and obey it. Stirred up the Gentiles.—R. V., "drew up the sons of the Gentiles." The Jews perceived that their covenant privileges would come to their exclusive heritage if the Gentiles were admitted into the kingdom of God on the same terms with themselves. Evil affected.—Exasperated them. Against the brethren—A favorite application in use among the early Christians, and especially obnoxious to the unbelieving Jews. "To these unhappy men the thought that believing Jews and believing Gentiles should constitute one holy brotherhood, was especially hateful" (Schaff).

How the unbelieving Jews affected the souls of the Gentiles is not indicated; not impossible by exerting political prejudice against them as proselytes of another kingdom and another king than Caesar (chap. 16: 20, 21); or it may be that their ministry against idolatry was made an occasion for provoking Gentile persecution (chap. 19: 27); or there may be some historical basis for the Roman Catholic legend of St. Thecla. According to this story, she was converted by the apostle's preaching, and refused to marry her betrothed; the refusal resulted in Paul's imprisonment and banishment. See Conybeare and Howson, or Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art" (Abbott).

3. Long time—several months probably. Abode they—R. V., "they tarried." Therefore

—because they had so much success. Speaking boldly—declaring "the whole counsel of God" fearlessly. In the Lord.—This trust in the Lord was the secret of their courage. Which gave testimony.—R. V., "which bore witness." Granted signs and wonders.—Jesus confirmed the truth of His word, and endowed His messengers by enabling them in His name to perform miracles.

Miracles were a proof of a divine commission to the Gentiles; whereas, in reasoning with the Jews, the appeal was to the prophecies of the Old Testament, as when Peter preached on the day of Pentecost, and when Paul preached to them in the synagogue of Paphlagonia (Glasgow).

4. Multitude of the city was divided.—split into factions; an easy thing in a mixed population containing such diverse elements. Part held with the Jews—sided with them; believed that they were right, and that the Christians were a dangerous element which ought not to be tolerated. Part with the apostles—who were probably in the minority.

Numbers are given, but we may fairly assume that the converts were in a minority, and that they belonged, as a rule, to the lower classes (1 Cor. 1: 26, 27), and that the chief men and wealthy of the city, as at the Paphlagonian (chap. 13: 50), were against them (Plumptre).

5, 6, 7. When there was an assault made—R. V., "when there was made an onset;" which did not culminate in assault and violence because the apostles learned of it in season to escape. The popular excitement had reached the point of tumult. With their rulers—the rulers of the synagogue, and possibly the heathen rulers of the city also. Use them despitefully.—R. V., "entreat them shamefully;" to commit wanton insult and outrage. Stone them—for alleged blasphemy probably. They were aware of it—R. V., "they became aware of it." Fled—Matt. 10: 23. "The light was not put out by persecution, but only carried further into the darkness" (Peloubet). Lystra.—The site is uncertain; supposed to have been nearly south of Iconium, and from twenty to forty miles away. Derbe—probably not far from Lystra, but there is no certain knowledge of its locality. Lycaonia—the district extending from Mount Taurus and Cilicia on the south to the Cappadocian hills on the north. It was a wild, dreary table-land, destitute of trees and water. Preached the gospel.—Among his converts, as we learn afterward, were Lois, and her daughter Eunice, and Timothy (2 Tim. 1: 5). Says Abbott: "Lystra was the home of Timothy, and as he knew of the persecution suffered by Paul in this tour (2 Tim. 3: 10, 11), and was already a disciple at the time of Paul's second visit to Lystra (Acts 16: 1), it is reasonably surmised that his conversion to Christianity took place at this time; that he was converted under Paul's ministry, as indicated by 1 Cor. 4: 15, 17."

The very name, Lycaonia, interpreted traditionally as Wolf-land (the local legend derived it from Lycus, who had been transformed into a wolf), represented but too faithfully the character of the inhabitants. The travelers were also losing the protection which a Roman citizen might claim in a Roman province, Lycaonia, which had been annexed to A. D. 17 to the Roman province of Galatia, having been assigned by Caligula to Antiochus king of Commagene. So wild a country was hardly likely to attract Jewish settlers; and there is no trace in St. Luke's narrative of the existence of a synagogue in either of the two cities (Plumptre).

8. Speaking with Power (verses 8-13). 8, 9. There sat—the word implies continued action; there was wont to sit. A cripple—Derb. B. K. Peires, quoting from Bloomfield, derives this word from "the old spelling of the word *cripple*, one who can *creep*, and not walk upright." This man's infirmity of lameness had been long-lived. He had never walked. Such unhappy cases are commonly well known in country towns. Heard Paul speak (R. V., "speaking")—The force of the Greek imperfect is that of persevering listening. Steadfastly beholding him.—R. V., "fastening his eyes upon him." Perceiving that he had faith to be healed.—R. V., "seeing that he had faith to be made whole;" to be cured in both body and soul. Says Meyer: "Paul was in the whole bearing of the man closely scanned by him—in his look, gestures, play of features—in his confidence of being saved."

In this discourse, doubtless, he learned how the blessed Jesus performed many a miracle which he carried out both soul and body, administering forgiveness of sin and restoring health and soundness. He may have been told that same Jesus died for him, and that same Jesus was risen again. He may have been told that same Jesus was coming again to judge the living and the dead. He may have been told that same Jesus was the Lord of the world, and that same Jesus was the Lord of the church. He may have been told that same Jesus was the Lord of the universe, and that same Jesus was the Lord of the world.

10, 11. Said with a loud voice.—So our Lord called Lazarus to "come forth," with "a loud voice." A peculiar physical intensity seemed to be present in the case of one who worked a miracle. Stand upright.—The omission of Christ's name may be explained by the brevity of the record, or by the impression which Paul usually gave of complete identification with his Master. Leaped and walked—a visible, instantaneous, complete, and supernatural cure. Saying in the speech of Lycaonia.—In their excitement the Lystraens fell back on their native dialect, of which nothing is known, some supposing it to have been Assyrian, others a corrupt Greek. The gods are come down to us.—In this remote province faith in the old mythologies still survived. Human theophanies lingered among their legends. One of these was found under the influence of.

The very name of Lycaonia, according to the tradition, was derived from the old mythological tale of Jupiter having come down in the form of a man to pay a visit to his king, Lycus. Lycus, doubting the divinity of this visitor in human shape, determined to put him to the test. For this purpose, he kidnapped a child, and had him brought upon the table as disguised food for his god. Jupiter in wrath burned his palace with lightning, and transformed the brutal king into a wolf (Whedon).

12, 13. They called Barnabas Jupiter.—Jupiter, or Zeus, was the chief or king of the gods in the classic mythologies. Barnabas' dignity of manner and superior age may have led to their giving this title to him. And Paul, Mercury (R. V., "Mercury")—Mercury was the attendant of Jupiter, and the god of eloquence. To the superstitious Lystraens, Paul filled the role of Mercury. Priest of Jupiter—who would be quick to notice the popular feeling. Which was before the city—R. V., "whose temple was before the city." Brought oxen and garlands—for a sacrifice; the garlands were composed of the plants or flowers sacred to the gods mentioned, and were to adorn the victims, and possibly the priest or altar, or even the apostles. Unto the gates—either of the city, or, as is more probable, to the gates of the house where the apostles were tarrying. Would have done sacrifice—was on the point of doing it.

The temple of Jupiter stood at the entrance of Lystra, and the explanation of the words, "of Jupiter which was before their city," may be found in the pagan conception that the gods themselves were present in their temples (Schaff).

3. THE GODS VISITING LYCAONIA. There was a myth that two of the gods, Jupiter and Mercury, had visited this very region. In return for the kind and hospitable welcome they received from two poor peasants, Baucis and Philemon, these deities, while punishing the church and inhospitable inhabitants of the land who had refused to receive them, by overwhelming them and their homes in a terrible inundation, rewarded their kind hosts by changing their lowly hut into a proud temple, at the altars of which Baucis and Philemon were appointed to minister. The Roman poet, Ovid, thus tells the story—

3. Speaking with Reproof (verses 14-18). 14. The apostles—the first application of this title to Paul and Barnabas. Heard—either by report, or directly in the case of sacrificial hymns. Rent their clothes (R. V., "garments")—an act expressive of the extremest abhorrence. Ran in among the people—R. V., "sprang forth among the multitude;" the purpose being to interrupt and protest against the proceedings.

The two apostles, not knowing what the cries meant (which is certainly implied, and which accounts for the dialect being here specially mentioned), were unconscious of the honors in store for them until they saw the sacrificial procession; and then, horror-struck, they rushed out to prevent the profanity. Raphael's famous cartoon gives a vivid idea of the scene (Stokes).

15. We also are men.—As though they would say, You are making a terrible mistake. We are not gods, but men. Of like passions—down upon your level, in respect of sufferings, infirmities, death; why do you mortals like yourselves? Preach unto you—R. V., "bring you good tidings." They had not come to receive divine honors, but to preach a divine Saviour. Turn from these vanities—R. V., "turn from these vain things;" "the emptiness and worthlessness of heathen worship" (Plumptre). Unto the living God—An Old Testament designation of Jehovah in contrast with the dumb idols of the heathen. Which made heaven—R. V., "who made the heaven." We sometimes forget that "creation is one of the facts of revelation. All things that are therein—R. V., "all that in them is."

The Greeks generally did not regard the gods as the creators of material things; matter was eternal; the gods themselves were created in time; Zeus was the son of Chronos and Rhea, and Mercury was the son of Zeus, or Jupiter; and in their mythology, the various domains of nature had each its own deity (Abbott).

16. Who in times past—R. V., "who in the generations gone by." Suffered the nations—abandoned the heathen, seeing that they had abandoned Him, to their idolatry and ignorance; withdrew from them the restraints of His grace and providence. See Rom. 1: 20.

We have here the first germ of what may be fairly described as St. Paul's philosophy of history. The "times of ignorance" had been permitted by God, and those who had lived in them would be equitably dealt with, and judged according to their knowledge. The same thought meets us again in the speech at Athens (chap. 17: 30). In Rom. 1: 21, we meet with it, in an expanded form, as a more complete indication of the righteousness of God. The ignorance and the sins of the Gentile world had been allowed to run their course, as the law had been allowed to do its partial and imperfect work among the Jews, as parts, if one may so speak, of a great divine drama, leading both to feel the need of redemption, and preparing both for their reception (Plumptre).

17. Left not himself without witness.—God's abandonment was not entire. From the bonities of nature the heathen might learn of their dependence upon God and their consequent obligations. Did good.—gave rain, etc.—specifications in detail of the watchman. Gave us rain—R. V., "gave you rain." Filling our hearts—R. V., "filling your hearts;" that is, filling you.

With these words the apostle would turn the attention of the Lystraens from the false gods they worshipped to the real giver of every good. They were indebted for the blessings of life, which they ascribed to Jupiter and Mercury, to the living God (Glasgow).

18. Scarce restrained they the people (R. V., "multitudes")—It was hard to dissuade them after the miracle. That they had not done sacrifice—R. V., "from doing sacrifice."

As old Lycaon had been destroyed by not recognizing the incarnate Jupiter, so these Lycaonians are fearful lest they shall make a similar mistake, and be deceived in mistaking these gods for men. They would, therefore, insist upon it, and stay on the safer side (Whedon).

IV. Inferential and Suggestive.

1. To persevere in well doing amidst hardships and persecution, is an evidence of grace, and a sign of a sincere ministry.

2. The Gospel will find some in every place, no matter how forbidding, who will accept its teachings.

3. The Gospel requires its witnesses to be ready to die if necessary, but to die in its behalf without necessity.

4. The Gospel, by "the power that worketh in us," can heal all innate impurity.

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6. The true minister will never accept personal honors at the expense of convicting with men's errors and vices.

7. Mistakes and prejudices should be dealt with promptly, candidly and firmly.

8. Men without the light of grace have still the light of nature.

9. God has never "left Himself without witness" in any place or age.

VI. Interrogative.

1. AN OLD IDOLATER. One day, while Mr. Wilson, a missionary, was preaching at Raikates, one of the South Sea Islands, where he had recently introduced the Gospel, an old man stood up and exclaimed: "My forefathers worshipped Oro, the god of war, and so have I; nor shall anything that you say can persuade me to forsake this way. And," continued he, addressing the missionary, "what do you expect more than you have already? You have won our chiefs; what want you more?" "All—the people of Raikates; and you yourself, I want," replied Mr. Wilson. "No, no," cried the old man; "my god shall never have. I will do as my fathers have done: I will worship Oro." Little, however, did this poor man understand the power and love of God. Such was the blessed effect of the Gospel upon his heart, that, within six months from that time, this staunch, inflexible, inveterate adherent of Oro, the Moloch of the Pacific, abandoned his idol and became a worshiper of the true God (Cheever).

2. HUMILITY. Cuvier, the naturalist, was, in his favorite pursuit, very democratic in his tastes. He treated all men as his equals, and would not allow to treat him as a superior. One day, while discussing a question in anatomy, a student interrupted him in his conversation, "Monsieur le baron." "There is no baron here," replied Cuvier; "there are two students seeking truth, and bowing down only to her" (Biblical Museum).

3. THE GODS VISITING LYCAONIA. There was a myth that two of the gods, Jupiter and Mercury, had visited this very region. In return for the kind and hospitable welcome they received from two poor peasants, Baucis and Philemon, these deities, while punishing the church and inhospitable inhabitants of the land who had refused to receive them, by overwhelming them and their homes in a terrible inundation, rewarded their kind hosts by changing their lowly hut into a proud temple, at the altars of which Baucis and Philemon were appointed to minister. The Roman poet, Ovid, thus tells the story—

"Their little shed, scarce large enough for two, seems from the ground increased, in height and bulk to grow. A stately temple shoots within the skies? The crochets of their corn in columns rise. The pavement polished marble they behold. The gates with sculpture graced, the spires and tiles of gold." (Schaff).

4. MODERN JEWISH REJECTION. Says Farrar: "The reception of these Christian teachers by remote communities of Jews has been exactly reproduced in modern times by the bursts of infuriated curses, excommunications, mobs and stone-throwings with which modern Jews have received missionaries in some of their larger Moldavian communities. Here is a description of one such scene by a missionary: 'Fearful excommunications were issued in the synagogues, pronouncing most terrible judgments upon any Jew holding communication with us; who, on receiving any of our publications, did not at once consign them to the flames. The stir and commotion were so great that I and my brother missionaries were obliged to hold a consultation, whether we should face the opposition or fly from the town. We resolved to remain, and the next day went out with a stock of our publications. When we got near the synagogue, we were driven away by a yelling, cursing, blaspheming crowd, who literally darkened the air with the stones they threw at us. We were in the greatest danger of being killed. Ultimately, however, we faced them, and by dint of argument and remonstrance gained a hearing.'"

5. ILLUSTRATIVE. 1. What success attended the apostolic preaching at Iconium? Who opposed and how? How long did the apostles hold their ground? What did they do? Why did they leave Iconium? Where did they go? What conspicuous converts did they win? What case of impotency did they find? What led Paul to look at him earnestly? Describe his healing. 4. What was the Lycaonian custom upon this point? What legends led to their mistake? What names did they give to Barnabas and Paul? What did the priest of Jupiter do? What course did the apostles take? What protest did they make? What did they have to say about the living God? How had He treated the nations? What witness had He left of Himself? 6. What practical lessons do you learn from the narrative?

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Cuticura Remedies
Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier internally, and Cuticura Soap, the great skin cleanser, externally, clear the complexion, cleanse the skin and scalp, and purify the blood of every species of itching, scaly, pimply, scrofulous, Mercurial, and Cancerous Humors, Scurvy, Swellings, Tumors, Abscesses, Blood Poison, Scars, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, and all other Torturing Skin Diseases, and Humors of Childhood, when physicians, hospitals, and all other means fail.

Cuticura Resolvent operates with energy upon the bowels, liver, kidneys, and pores of the skin, purifying the system of all humors and diseases arising from impure blood, inherited weaknesses, and mercurial poisons.

Cuticura Soap, the great skin cleanser, externally, clear the complexion, cleanse the skin and scalp, and purify the blood of every species of itching, scaly, pimply, scrofulous, Mercurial, and Cancerous Humors, Scurvy, Swellings, Tumors, Abscesses, Blood Poison, Scars, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, and all other Torturing Skin Diseases, and Humors of Childhood, when physicians, hospitals, and all other means fail.

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Congo. 255

The Family.

TWO MESSAGES.

BY META E. B. THORNE.

A voice came over the rolling sea,
Bearing a message sweet to me:
Dear love, in the dreary autumn-time
I bade thee adieu for this sunlit clime,
Where never comes winter to blight or chill
The vine or the olive on sloping hill;
Where flowers are blooming in perennial bloom,
And the air is heavy with rich perfume
Of balm, and of spice, and of orange grove,
Where sprites and fays through the cool
depths rove.

I have builded a home on a blossomy hill,
Where the musical murmur of silvery rill,
The flower's sweet breath, the leaf's whis-
perings
Through my lattice are borne on light
zephyr wings.

O come to me, dear one, across the foam,
And share the delights of my lovely home!

A voice comes over the surging sea,
That breaks on the shore of eternity,
Bearing this message—how soft and clear
Comes the whisper low to my listening
ear—

Arise, my child, from thy listless ease!
Set thy sails to catch each favoring breeze;
For I wait thy coming with yearning love;
O haste thee, as home flies the wandering
dove!

I have builded my mansions—so rich, so
fair,
Their towers gleam bright on the lambent
air;
There are walls of Jasper and turrets of
gold.

Enriched with sapphire and gems untold;
A single pearl is each shining portal,
And who enters findeth life immortal;
For each garden is fed by life's brimming
stream.

Where rarest fruits and blossoms gleam,
Where, with fragrance of fadecless asphodels,
Comes the perfume of swaying lily bells;
Here many thorn-loved have found a rest
And a grand reward for all anxious quest
Of holiness, and love, and peace!

O come, my child, across the sea!
Thou, too, shalt find here a blissful home,
Safe, safe forever from surging foam.

SOMETHING BETTER THAN CULTURE.

BY MRS. C. F. WILDER.

St. Francis begged pardon of his
body, when he was dying, for having
so abused it. I said to a friend, who
is driving herself with whip and spur
so as to make her life "worth liv-
ing," and yet who was mourning be-
cause she accomplished so little.

This friend of mine is a domestic
woman, caring, in a certain precise
sort of a way, for her home and chil-
dren; she is literary—attending the
club every week and keeping up her
work in literature and science, almost
making a hobby of the art of self-
improvement; she is benevolent—
working in the Dorcas and mission
societies besides caring for her own
circle of poor; she is interested in
the education of the freedmen; and
just now she is absorbed in fancy
work and Kensington stitch, having
lately finished a banner whereon she
has stitched a forlorn-looking, red-
legged stork, which looks so tired and
fagged out that it insensibly appeals
to its creator for sympathy and relief;
and she was berating herself because
she had not completed a foot-rest of
"cat-tails" and sunflowers. And
the worst of it all, this friend is
not so very unlike the other women
of my acquaintance. It seems as
though the American woman of to-
day cannot even take up pleasure or
recreation, unless she exhibits the
same restless energy which she
shows in her work and in her study.
Indeed, everything is, to her, work
or study. Reading is for profit, fan-
cy work is to furnish her room, and
riding for her health. I wonder if,
instead of striving to be an intelligent
woman, she is not solely trying to be
a cultivated one!

In regard to my friend, of some
things it is simply wonderful the
amount of knowledge she possesses,
and one listens in admiration to her
conversation on the primeval man, or
when she discusses the thoughts of
Ewald, Queneau, Renan, Wellhaus-
en or Prof. Lenormant. She talks
interestingly on pre-Raphaelitism, and
the mythology of the Greeks is as fa-
miliar to her as her own church cate-
chism. But with all her getting she
seems to leave out the very culture
which is of actual use, and leaving
out that, makes her not an intelligent
woman, but only a cultivated one.

It must be delightful, if such a
thing were possible in this life, to
possess a knowledge of all things;
but as this cannot be, it is a puzzling
question to the average woman to de-
cide what she would better learn.

This same friend who knows so
much about the beginnings of history,
who so clearly, to her own mind, ex-
plains the hypothesis of evolution to
account for the origin of man, who
understands mythology and can talk
learnedly on art, was asked, not long
ago, by her little girl to cut a garment
for her doll; and weighed in that bal-
ance, the woman was found want-
ing—for she did not know how
to cut out a doll's night-cap! Her
children eat late suppers of hot
biscuits and rich cake, and the next
morning awaken cross and fretful,
and she wonders from whom they

inherited "such a disposition." Her
boys ask for help in some simple
school study, but her knowledge of
algebra or physics she has not cared
to retain, and she sends them off
with, "You ought to work it out
yourselves, I always did."

We hear it sneeringly said, "The
women of to-day already know too
much. They are wearing themselves
out in the pursuit of knowledge." The
trouble is, the women of to-day
begin to learn at the wrong end. It
is not the beginnings of history we
so much need to know, as it is how
to do the duty next before us. We
should always begin to learn what
we ought to know, and as it is not safe
to skip any duty, as no two days are
alike, if we go on faithfully doing
and learning what is just before us,
how can we help being, if not "cul-
tivated," certainly intelligent women,
and, what is of still greater impor-
tance, good women? If our greatest
desire is to grow spiritually and in-
tellectually—or, as Hamerton puts
it, "to prefer higher thoughts to
lower thoughts"—we must rise;
nothing can keep us down. We may
not have in our portfolio all the cop-
ies of Raphael's Madonnas, but if
we have seen beautiful pictures, we
have made them our very own, and
in our mind these things of beauty are
always and indefeasibly with us, a
joy forever. If we have not rare
paintings for our walls, we have,
with Alphonse Kar, the sunset, the
landscape, and the faces of our chil-
dren and our friends—more beauti-
ful than any pictures painted by a
master's hand. If we, day by day,
look upon this beauty, if we read one
thoughtful sentence, if we hear one
fine strain of music, and if we do the
duties next before us, we are con-
stantly gaining added joy and rich-
ness to our life. All the past is ours,
and of the future let us think of it
as full of good things, which we need
not hurry to grasp.

I may not know as much as my
friend about many things, and some-
times when I hear her converse with
wise men, I am depressed over my
own ignorance, but I know this: I
have more genuine happiness with
my children in one hour than my
friend will take in her studies in a
lifetime, and I find real comfort in
the thought that when my friends
or my children want me, or my hus-
band desires my society, I always
have just that leisure time to give
to each. Besides, there is something
better in life than happiness, or even
culture, and that is—doing one's
duty.

Manhattan, Kan.

THE HEROES' DAY.

Through the long bending grass
The white-robed maidens pass,
With tender faces and with footsteps soft
And slow.

Upon each lowly grave,
Where sleeps the true and brave,
Dropping red roses and wan lilies as they go.

Flowers for the patriot band
Who loved their native land;
Sweet rosemary, and purple pansies, and pale
pinks;

Green leaves from budding trees
Make sweet the passing breeze—
Sweet as the ebb of the grateful nation thinks.

For who would not prolong
With flowers and song and song
The memory of those who fell in freedom's
light?

From the sweet month of May,
Then choose the fairest day,
And crown it for the honored dead with all
things bright.

Then say: "O singing birds,
Echo these tender words:
While bosoms nobly throb, and women's
eyes are wet,

While roses bud and blow,
While stars at evening glow,
While daylight breaks for us, we never will
forget.

"As long as men shall stand
For home and native land,
And while our starry flag flies o'er the true
and free,
Honor and love and truth
Shall give immortal youth,
And we'll remember you upon the land and
sea."

—Harper's Weekly.

"LEARN OF ME."

Lessons Learned in the School of
Christ.

BY MRS. M. D. WELLCOME.

I. I absented myself from the forenoon
service, in order that I might be en-
tirely alone with God, and have my
case decided. I intended to pray more
earnestly, to plead more importunately
than ever before, and for the last time;
whether it was victory or defeat, it
should be decisive. When I attempted
to pray, I was as one dumb before God,
utterly speechless! Finding all effort
to pray was ineffectual, I said in my
heart, "The case is decided. God will
not even permit me to pray for the
blessing." I arose and sat down greatly
dejected. Presently this cry was
brought in my soul, "Lord, why cannot
I receive the blessing now? Show me
the hindrance." Instantly a Voice re-
plied, "You have been trusting too
much in your own efforts." Such clear
light was given that instant that I saw
at once it was even so; unconsciously
I had been depending on my own ear-
nest strivings, my consecrations, my
faith; I had been making a merit of
these, attaching some virtue to those
efforts of mine as a ground of accept-
ance. No sooner had I said, "Truth,
Lord," than the Voice said, "I will
pray the Father for you." Instantly
I responded, "I have tried to pray, but
could not; Jesus says He will pray for

me; I will trust in Jesus." No work-
ing now, no effort to believe, no striv-
ing to reach up, up, but, behold! the
word was nigh me, in my heart, even
the word of faith. I simply believed—
just as simply, with no more mental
effort than when we believe what a
trusted friend is saying to us; and
who ever tries to believe that way?

The baptism came upon me then and
there; I felt its power all through me,
and knew that I had just that for which
I had been asking. My heart was filled
with love and gratitude to Him who
had prayed for me—Him whom the
Father heareth always. I longed to
go to the meeting then to declare the
grace received; to be a witness for
Jesus was now to be a privilege rather
than a duty.

I do not know in what words I gave
my testimony, I only know that while
speaking a feeling came over me ex-
ceedingly depressing. I felt as though
there was not one heart respondent to
my own; not one in sympathy with
the new joy I had experienced. I do
not know of any one who felt specially
interested in the subject at that time
who was present, and as I was young
and a convert of a year, it is not
strange, perhaps, that I realized no
sympathy, or that I returned to my
home in heaviness because no word
of cheer had been spoken to me. For
a time, in the classroom, I confessed,
though very timidly, that I loved the
Lord with all my heart; that all was
on the altar which sanctifieth; that I
was sweetly kept by the power of God,
and was walking daily in the light and
having fellowship with Jesus. It was
not long, however, before the tempter
made me believe that such strong lan-
guage was improper for one so young
in years and experience. Others did
not talk with such assurance, though
many years they had been Christians.
I gave heed to the wily suggestion,
ceased to be definite, and pretty soon I
found myself deprived of that strength
and clear assurance. Something was
lost, and I knew not how to regain it.
I had no one to instruct me in relation
to this matter, no one to whom I could
go for counsel who had the experience.

Another year rolled round. Again a
protracted meeting was in progress,
and I felt, oh, so deeply, my lack of
spiritual power, my weakness and inef-
ficiency! How I did long to regain the
blessing I had forfeited!

God, in His providence, sent to our
help a minister whose heart was all on
fire with the Holy Ghost, whose theme
was holiness, one who had been a power
in his charge in leading believers into
this experience and sinners to submit to
God. How his exhortations and prayers
thrilled me! Here was one who could
tell me what to do in order to regain
my lost treasure. As he was instruct-
ing several who lingered after the close
of the services to learn from him the
way of faith more perfectly, I drew
near to listen. Only one sentence which
fell from his lips did I retain—they
were just the words I needed: "It is
not enough to make the sacrifice," said
he, "we must perpetrate it also." "I
saw the way so clearly then!" "That
is it!" I mentally exclaimed. "It is
to lay all on God's altar, and keep it
there!" I hastened home and to my
room, there to renew my covenant with
God by sacrifice. I knew very well
why I had lost the blessing; it was by
heeding the tempter, by yielding to his
wily suggestion; and in giving myself
anew to God, I made a vow with Him
that from thenceforth I would confide
to the very outside of all that He should
accomplish for me—"be bold to the
acknowledging of every good thing
which was in me, by Christ Jesus."

Specifically I laid all on "the altar
which sanctifieth the gift," and then I
began to reckon myself the Lord's and
dead unto sin, but alive unto God
through Jesus Christ. I did not look
within to see how I felt, but to the
Lord Jesus. "Know ye not that to
whom ye yield yourselves to obey, his
servants ye are?" Yes; and I had
unreservedly yielded myself to Him
who had redeemed me with His own
precious blood; and to Him I belonged.
In response to this faith the witness
came, clear and convincing in its testi-
mony with my spirit. The sense of
something lacking, a void unfilled,
was all gone, for I had found my treas-
ure. How joyous I was over it!

How I rejoiced over the interest
awakened in the church by the earnest
labors of this brother, and the meetings
for consecration and the witnesses
raised up, so that I no longer felt alone,
but a different element was all around
me. Holiness breathed in the prayers,
the songs, the testimonies, the exhor-
tations. Sinners felt the influence of
this power and with repentance which
was unto life sought for pardon.

The lessons learned at this period,
and which have influenced me ever
since, were these: So long as we are
relying on our own efforts, or at-
taching any merit to consecration and
our faith, we are not looking wholly to
Jesus who alone doeth the work. Con-
secration must precede faith; faith
must precede salvation; but these are
only the steps which bring us to Christ
and in contact with the blood which
cleanseth.

Confession must be made of all the
Lord Jesus doeth for us in order to
abide in Him.

The sacrifice laid on the altar of God
must be a perpetual one. It must
cover all future ground as well as the
present; that is to say, we present all
known and unknown, all we now see
and what may be revealed to us in
the future. We are then set apart for God
forever, and He then sanctifies us for
service, and by the power of the Holy
Spirit worketh in us to will and to do
according to His own pleasure.

Pod:—But, my dear sir, it is now four
years since you accepted my epic, and no steps
have yet been taken to publish it. "Publish-
er:—Don't be in a hurry, young man.
Homer had to wait more than three thousand
years before he got into print, and you will
hardly claim that your poem is an Iliad."

AN OPEN DOOR, AND THE TREE OF LIFE.

BY REV. A. B. RUSSELL.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door,
and no man can shut it."—REV. 3: 8.
"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of
the tree of life."—REV. 2: 7.

Behold, there standeth an open door,
It was opened by Him who has gone before,
And it standeth open evermore.

In Eden there standeth a fruitful tree,
It was planted there for you and me,
An evergreen it will always be.

No man can shut the open door;
The King of heaven stands to improve,
"Come unto Me," and go out no more.

List to the words, "Come unto Me,"
From the Crucified of Galilee,
Who died to save you on Calvary.

Who passeth in at the open door
Will never look back or go out any more,
But the Eden of love go on to explore.

The "tree of life" is guarded no more,
Nor fire flame through the open door,
They are quenched by Him who has gone
before.

The tree of life has healing leaves
For the wounded soul and him who grieves,
And the sick the balm of life receives.

"SUCH AS I HAVE."

You would not have said she had
very much. Very few people would
have been thankful for even a liberal
share of what she counted as her mer-
cies and blessings. She lived at the Old
Ladies' Home. Visitors, if they cared
to go to the further end of the hall, on
the upper floor, saw her name on the
little card, No. 78, Mrs. Mary Jessup.
Visitors, if they cared to go in, saw a
little old woman with snow-white hair,
a face singularly marked with a net-
work of fine lines, slight stooping fig-
ure, and hands drawn and rigid from
rheumatism, yet a woman who was
more than cheerful, who fairly radiated
content, as the sun radiates light. For
five years the narrow room had been
her home, and she expected no other
until she went to the Father's house,
but to her confident faith this little
room was but a lodge where she waited
so close to the gates of her heavenly
mansion that a few days of delay did
not matter. She knew they were mak-
ing ready to receive her. She knew she
should be called at the right time, so
she just waited, and was not anxious
or impatient. The room was smaller
than the others, but it had its compensa-
tion in the extra window on the side,
which looked toward the sunset. It
was on the upper floor, which made
the journeys to the dining-room weary
patterings to the feeble limbs and
paining lungs, but the air was better,
and you could always see the sky. The
quest of gold woman in 77 was more than
half crazy, and Mrs. Barnes, in 76, was
so petulant and unreasonably that her
own children had risen up in rebellion,
and paid liberally for her maintenance
at the Home, as the only means of sal-
vation for their own homes. But into
the peaceful little haven at 78 the mis-
erable mother came to be soothed and
comforted, and the shattered old artist
sat contentedly in its sunshine, paint-
ing her burlesque flowers and birds,
and happy in the thought that here,
at least, she was appreciated. The
soft, dim eyes would smile approvingly
upon her, and the old face, with its net-
work of wrinkles, would beam with
kindness, as Mrs. Jessup said approvingly,
"Such a fine, shiny flower, my dear;
it's as red as red. I do love
flowers so much, and I'm right sure
there'll be plenty of 'em in heaven, so
I can have all I want."

"I never had anything I wanted in
this world," means the dissatisfied
mother, "and I don't know how it will
be in heaven."
"That's just the best of it, dear
heart," Mrs. Jessup would answer, "we
don't know how it will be; we only
know it's sure to be good, and I do like
surprises. Sometimes I sit, trying to
think it out, and when I've thought of
the very best things I ever could imag-
ine, I just laugh to myself for thinking
that I'll be better yet, because you
know it says that it never entered into
anybody's heart to dream of anything
so good as what our Father has
got ready for us."

"When a body is deserted by her
own children," weeps Mrs. Barnes,
with a shake of her head—
"That's no worse than being for-
saken by your father and your mother,"
says the comforter, cheerily, "and
that's just the time the Lord'll take
you up. Seems as if some woman
might have said that about taking a
body up; thinking how a mother'll put
her work away just to take up the child
on her lap and comfort it."

"Would you paint his tall blue or
purple?" queries the artist, cocking her
crazy head on one side to take a better
view of a bird with scarlet breast and
green wings.
"Who ever saw a robin with green
wings?" scoffs Mrs. Barnes, in a tone
that brings an angry flush to the thin
cheeks of the painter.

"I should say purple," says Mrs.
Jessup, decidedly, "though an artist
like you ought to know best. I suppose
it's a bird of paradise; I've heard they
have very fine tails."

"Yes, it's a bird of paradise," assents
the artist, "or a parrot; I did think of
having it a parrot, on account of not
taking up so much paper."

The matron on her morning rounds
comes in at 78 without knocking, and
her entrance is the signal for the visi-
tors to leave; Mrs. Barnes, vexed
and suspicious at the thought that her
room has been entered in her absence,
the artist childishly eager to make sure
of a visit to vary the monotony of her
day.

"You never have a moment of peace,
I believe," Mrs. Jessup, says the ma-
tron. "I have a great mind to forbid
Mrs. Barnes coming in here."

"O Mrs. Walden, my dear, it's one of
my pleasures; it does me good, and hee-
too. I just pity her so."

"She's to blame for all her troubles.
I don't pity her a bit," says the matron,
sharply.

"Yes, that's the hardest of it; to be
to blame for it, and not know how
to get out of it. It's dreadful hard
to get into trouble and can't get you
out."

The matron laughed, and her brow
cleared a little. 78 was a haven of rest
for her also after the round of com-
plaints, fancied or real, to which she
had to listen. "Does anything ever

trouble you?" she asks, looking at the
placid old face before her.
"Not for long," the Lord said, "Let
not your hearts be troubled." Seems as
if some of the commandments couldn't
be for me, because I can't do them any
way, but I can just sit here and let the
Lord take care of my troubles, sure-
ly."

"And not get out of patience with
Mrs. Barnes?"

"Dear heart, no. When she is trying,
I just think how much the Lord has had
to put up with in me, and I remember
Paul said, 'Receive ye one another, as
God for Christ's sake received us,'—
that means faults and all, and never
gets discouraged by trying to make us
better."

"You ought to be matron," says Mrs.
Walden, "only it would spoil you.
Salts thrive best in cells."

"I shouldn't do at all," says Mrs.
Jessup, honestly. "I never had any
faculty. Sometimes I used to worry
me, till I remembered that even Peter
could only give such as he had, and
that's all the Lord asks of us. I say
that to myself every day. 'Such as I
have,' and it's wonderful how many
things a body has to give that you
don't take much count of. It don't cost
a cent to be sorry for folks, and say a
word to cheer 'em up."

The matron starts up with a sudden
recollection of her unfinished work.
"Well, Mrs. Jessup, you've given me
a portion many a time; 'such as I have'
ought to mean a good deal more for me
than for you, but I am not sure that it
does; it is such as you that inherit the
earth."

She stops to set the cap straight on
the thin white hair, and then, with a
little moistening of the keen eyes, this
strong, practical woman, whom most
people find not at all sympathetic,
stoops quickly and kisses the soft old
crumpled cheek.

"Such as I have," she says, and goes
her way, never guessing that she has
given the most blessed of all things in
giving love. (See REV. 2: 10, 11, 12, 13, in
Congregationalist.)

THE KING'S MOTTO.

A lover gave the wedding ring
Into the golden ring's hand.
"Grave me," he said, "a tender thought
Within the golden band."
The goldsmith gravely
Took the careful art,
"Till Death us part."

The wedding bell rang gladly out,
The husband said, "O wife,
Together we shall share the grief,
The happiness of life."

I give to thee
My hand, my heart,
Till Death us part."

'Twas she that lifted now his hand,
"O love, that this should be!"
Then on it placed the golden band,
And whispered tenderly:
"Till Death us join,
Lo, thou art mine,
And I am thine!"

And when Death joins us never more
Shall we be an aching heart,
The bride of that better love
Death has no power to part.
That truth will be
For thee and me
Eternity."

So up the hill and down the hill,
Through fifty changing years,
They shared each other's happiness,
They dried each other's tears.
And all as
That Death's cold dart
Such love can part!

But one sad day she stood alone
Beside his narrow bed,
She drew the ring from off her hand,
And to the goldsmith said:
"Oh, man, who gravely
Took the careful art,
'Till Death us part,'
Now grave four other words for me,
'Till Death us join.' He took
The precious golden band once more,
With solemn, wistful look,
He wrought the ring with care,
For love, not coin,
'Till Death us join."

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

BY REV. J. M. AVAN.

The incident narrated in the follow-
ing letter is now for the first time given
to the public. The letter was written
by Rev. Pliny Wood from Vienna in
1873, when he was commissioner from
Massachusetts to the world's fair, held
in that city, and the date brings it with-
in a week of his death.

The persons mentioned are all well
known. Mrs. Sarah A. Cheesman, of
Birmingham, Conn., to whom with her
husband the letter is addressed, is sister
to Mrs. Susan Osborne, mentioned in
the letter. Mrs. Osborne was the wife of
Wood when he was young man of
nineteen years, and she had been dead
about sixteen years when the letter was
written. Those who best knew Bro.
Wood will be the least likely to charge
him with being visionary. The letter is
copied directly from the original.

Vienna, Austria, June 18, 1873.
DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER CHEESMAN:
Last Monday evening, between 9 and 10
o'clock, I was walking alone (i. e., not in
company with any of the vast crowds) in
one of the beautiful gardens of this great
city. So far as I am conscious I was not
thinking of anything but the beauty of
those on earth or those in heaven. So far as
I can determine, I was walking slowly, view-
ing the beautiful scene—the garden was
beautifully illuminated. The enchantment
of the moment was broken, my musings
interrupted, by the approach of a lady. I
saw her not until she stood—no, she did not
pause, she passed on slowly as in a thought-
ful mood, in expression of contentment, form
of face and complexion a perfect transcript
of your honored sister Susan. In an instant
she had passed out of sight, but not until her
form and dress—which was a light, small-
figured muslin, as it seemed to me—were
clearly discernible. She was also alone; it
was in a secluded, retired part of the garden.
It required an effort for me to refrain from
exclaiming, "Susan Osborne" (she was not
in mind until the moment). Questions: Was
it simply a resemblance? Was it fancy?

Yes it was. The impression of the scene
has been with me night and day ever since
when I am driving to my official duties, or
when I am, driving out after a day's work,
still the impression and the scene linger. It
is precious, blessed!

Monday next we leave for Italy, taking
Trieste, Venice, and the Italian lakes in
our route. I am, my dear sister, to Esq. Gilbert,
Bros. Sommers and Osborne.

Yours in Christ,
PLINY WOOD.

It will be remembered that Bro.
Wood left Vienna on Monday, the
23d, as he had planned, but took a differ-
ent route from the one mentioned;
that he was taken suddenly ill on the

train, of what proved to be Asiatic chol-
era, and that he died the next day, at
about four in the afternoon, among
strangers in the hospital in Munich.
Questions: Was it simply a resem-
blance? Was it fancy? Was it
Susan?

The Little Folks.

IN A MOMENT OF ANGER.

BY ERIN E. REXFORD.

They were playing on the veranda
together that morning, Ralph and his
sister May.

Something that she said to him an-
gered him. He raised his hand in an
outburst of stormy passion and struck
her.

She staggered against a pillar and
tried to catch hold of it, but she lost
her balance and fell upon the steps, cry-
ing as she did so—

"I didn't mean to make you mad,
Ralph!"
He was glad, rather than sorry, to
see her fall, in the fierce heat of his an-
ger. But when he saw that she did not
stir or try to get up from the steps upon
which she had fallen, he began to be
frightened.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.
She did not answer.
He ran down to her and lifted her up.
The blood was running in a little red
stream from a cut in the side of her
head. She was insensible.

He carried her into the house, and
told his mother that they had been play-
ing on the veranda, and May had
fallen on the steps.

At first they were not much alarmed
about the little girl. But that after-
noon she seemed to be delirious, and

where. 308

R. S. T. BIRMINGHAM,
Native Botanic Physician,
(Formerly of 63 Cambridge St.)

With a practical and well-known physician as Dr. Birmingham, who has been so successfully treating thousands of cases of sickness, need you or no advertising to enlarge his business. But the sake of those suffering from ailments that our doctors have tried without success, cure take this method to advise them to consult the standeapable old native Indian Physician, Dr. Birmingham, who has cured the cause of their sickness, and will cure you with nature's medicines. He may be found at his office, No. 11 Chamberlain St., Boston, Office days, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursdays, from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M.

Examinations Gratis. 328

AGENTS WANTED for the greatest selling book. Ministers, students and all persons desiring to know the life and labors of **G. N. SPURDIN**. Apply to D. L. GUERNSEY, 61 Cornhill, Boston.

[Continued from page 1.]

to the Ragged-School children, for he had been nearly clothed by them, having received slippers, socks, vests, and even bed-linen, worked by their little fingers. The home of this patriarchal Christian worker must be a museum of mementos from the multitudes who have been reached by his philanthropic and Christy labors during the past fifty years.

SPURGEON'S PASTORS' COLLEGE.

The nineteenth annual conference of the Pastors' College Association has just been held, continuing throughout the week. There were ten, soirées, and public meetings, and a great variety of gatherings, numerous and enthusiastically attended. Mr. Spurgeon was able to preside only at the first meeting. "A furious attack of gout" kept him in bed the remainder of the time. For the first time the conference took place without its founder. During the twenty-seven years of the existence of the institution, 650 men have been received in the college; 480 are now engaged as pastors, missionaries and evangelists; 34 students, during the past year, have entered on their life-work. Graduates are missionaries or pastors in Africa, China, Japan, India, Brazil, Hayti, Naples, Spain, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Cape Colony, St. Helena, Canada, Nova Scotia, Jamaica and the United States. The expenses of the past year were \$35,000. Addresses were made by laborers from distant parts of the mission field, and by prominent pastors at home. At a single supper \$10,000 were raised toward the current expenses, the English method of simultaneous eating and giving being eminently successful. Among others who sent messages respecting the health of Mr. Spurgeon was the prime minister. On Friday, the last day of the feast, a holy solemnity pervaded the assembly. The Lord's Supper was administered, and with clasped hands the usual parting hymn was sung.

Mr. Spurgeon is the "prime minister" of the church, and his position outranks that of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE WEEK.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, May 22.
Twelve inches of snow fell at Lima, Ohio, yesterday.
Walter Evans, a lawyer of Louisville, Ky., has been appointed commissioner of internal revenue.
William Mason, the well-known locomotive builder of Taunton, died yesterday.
Charles P. Stickney of Fall River, committed to state-prison four years ago for embezzlement, has been pardoned.
An extraordinary freshet has occurred in Dakota, attended with loss of life and extensive damage at Deadwood and other places.
The Brooklyn Bridge is to be lighted by electricity.
William Chambers, LL.D., the well-known English publisher, is dead.
The German village of Neuenkirchen has been totally destroyed by fire; the entire population of 1,300 is homeless.
Wednesday, May 23.
Under the new tax law national banks will save about \$30,000,000.
The Baptists are holding their anniversary at Saratoga.
The Car made a brilliant state entry into Moscow yesterday.
President Arthur and party have gone to New York to participate in the exercises attending the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge.
Thursday, May 24.
Arbuckle, the cornetist, is dead.
Fifty-two thousand Sunday-school children gathered in Brooklyn yesterday.
Thaddeus Davis & Co., the well-known ink firm, has suspended.
A. D. German, a merchant of Albany, has given \$30,000 to the trustees of Williams College, to found a professorship of natural theology.
Ezra H. Heywood has been indicted for circulating obscene literature.
Friday, May 25.
The Brooklyn Bridge was formally opened yesterday. Orations were delivered by Hon. A. S. Hewitt and Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs.
Active measures are being taken towards building a second canal across the Isthmus of Suez.
The General Assembly of the United Presbyterians is in session at Pittsburgh.
W. H. Carter's woolen factory at Thetford Centre, Vt., was burned last night; loss, \$40,000.
The French troops have captured several military posts in Madagascar.
Saturday, May 26.
Edward Laboulaye, the eminent French jurist, is dead.
A treaty of peace between Chili and Peru has been signed.
Gen. Crook has driven the Indians from Ganapone, Arizona, with heavy loss.
At Guayaquil Dictator Veintemilla has robbed the bank of \$320,000.
Sunday, May 27.
The coronation of the Czar of Russia was successfully accomplished at Moscow yesterday.
The 32d anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association of Boston was celebrated in Music Hall last evening.
Eight thousand emigrants, mostly Germans, passed through Hull, England, during the past week, on their way to America.

COMMENCEMENTS.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY.
A Baccalaureate Sermon will be preached before the University, by President W. F. Warren, in Tremont Temple, on Sunday, June 3, at 3 o'clock P. M.
Final Examinations: School of All Sciences, June 4, 5, A. M. Theology, June 4, 5, P. M.; June 5, 6, A. M.; June 6, 7, P. M.; June 7, 8, A. M.; June 8, 9, P. M.; June 9, 10, A. M.; June 10, 11, P. M.; June 11, 12, A. M.; June 12, 13, P. M.; June 13, 14, A. M.; June 14, 15, P. M.; June 15, 16, A. M.; June 16, 17, P. M.; June 17, 18, A. M.; June 18, 19, P. M.; June 19, 20, A. M.; June 20, 21, P. M.; June 21, 22, A. M.; June 22, 23, P. M.; June 23, 24, A. M.; June 24, 25, P. M.; June 25, 26, A. M.; June 26, 27, P. M.; June 27, 28, A. M.; June 28, 29, P. M.; June 29, 30, A. M.; June 30, 1, P. M.; July 1, 2, A. M.; July 2, 3, P. M.; July 3, 4, A. M.; July 4, 5, P. M.; July 5, 6, A. M.; July 6, 7, P. M.; July 7, 8, A. M.; July 8, 9, P. M.; July 9, 10, A. M.; July 10, 11, P. M.; July 11, 12, A. M.; July 12, 13, P. M.; July 13, 14, A. M.; July 14, 15, P. M.; July 15, 16, A. M.; July 16, 17, P. M.; July 17, 18, A. M.; July 18, 19, P. M.; July 19, 20, A. M.; July 20, 21, P. M.; July 21, 22, A. 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